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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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On the Making of Lists

ONE of the recurrent pastimes of the literary is the drawing up of lists of the world's greatest books. From Sir John Lubbock's to the most recent attempt at selection, Professor William H. E. Lamont's published only the other day, we have had in the past few decades a succession of such listings any one of which diverges from all the others both in its inclusions and its omissions. And indeed it could not well be otherwise, for with books as with landscape, appraisal of value must inevitably be conditioned by the predispositions of those who judge as well as by the merits of the composition that is judged. For just as to one man mountains provide the noblest feature of scenery and to another the sea, so to one, form constitutes the consecrating element in literature while to another form may be entirely negligible so long as philosophy or characterization are sufficiently imposing. It is with books somewhat as it is with universities,—we get from them up to a point that which we set out to secure, and we are exalted by a book and persuaded of its greatness in proportion as we derive from it the clarification of our ideas, the crystallization of our emotions, or that liberation of our thoughts which we crave. What may be highly edifying or stimulating to one reader leaves another completely cold, and what to one may seem great to another may be merely renowned. Any honest person will admit that the primacy of place he accords to certain famous works of literature rests not upon his own perception of their superiority to all others but on his deference to tradition and punditry.

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And, as a matter of fact, tradition is probably as safe a guide to greatness in literature as is to be found. For that pretty generally is great which generations of men continue to find great, since to have held sway through changes of time and custom is to possess that ineluctable quality that springs from a profound preoccupation with what is universal and essential in society and life. It would be folly, of course, to dispute that greatness may be recognized at sight. It has been in the past and undoubtedly will again be in the future. But it is a ticklish business to discover greatness, and a hazardous one to proclaim it. How all too often has a perverse posterity, remote from the causes and passions in which a book was born, reversed the judgment of its age upon it, and found for its popularity in its own day an explanation only in its pertinence to the events or emotions of its time. "Rightly to be great" a book must be pertinent to any time, or, in other words, it must be of all time and so of no time. That is the limitation which besets the critic who would draw up an arbitrary list of "great" books that include those of his own generation. It is the limitation which invalidates, it seems to us, such a selection as Professor Lamont has made in his list of "the sixty great novels of all time."

For Professor Lamont has looked upon the contemporary fiction which he has chosen not in the perspective of time but in the proportions which it assumed when it appeared He has forgotten that the timely is not necessarily, or even probably, the universal, or else, surely, he could not have included among the great novels "of all time" such works as Edith Wharton's "House of Mirth," half, if not most, of the poignance of which has disappeared with the years, or Arnold Zweig's "Case of Sergeant Grischa," which already bids fair to be a casualty of peace, or Ellen Glasgow's "Barren Ground," excellent book though it be, or, to go back to an earlier day, Howells's "The Rise of Silas Lapham," which already is hardly known to a whole generation of even the *literati*. These are all good books, indeed, they are excellent books, but to call them great is to belittle the term. Greatness is something other than this—something more universal, more timeless, more steeped in the emotion that is of all ages rather than of an hour.

The Burden of Eve

By MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

LORD, who breathed
The breath of life
Into Adam,
I, his wife,
All alone
Have lulled the breath
And have eased him
Back to death.
Shall I dare
To close the eyes
You unsealed
To Paradise?
Shall I dare
To fold the hands
You made quick
To till your lands?
Lord, though it
Be blasphemy,
This is sacred earth
To me.
Shall I dare
Return to Sod,
What is still
Your image—God?

This Week

"Mrs. Grundy."
Reviewed by PRESERVED SMITH.
"The Power and Secret of the Jesuits."
Reviewed by FATHER C. C. CLIFFORD.
"The Greek Way."
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"Joseph Fouché."
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Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.
The Folder.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.
"The Monstrous Regiment."
Reviewed by FREDERIC MILNER.
"Lone Cowboy."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS
"American Girl."
Reviewed by S. L. THOMAS.
"The Outlaw Years."
Reviewed by FERDINAND REYHER.
"The Link."
Reviewed by WILLIAM C. WEBER.
"A Barrel of Clams."
Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN.

Next Week, or Later

The New Critic: A Definition.
By ANDREW CORRY.

Gerard Manley Hopkins*

By H. L. BINSSE

GERARD HOPKINS died on June 8, 1889, forty-one years ago. At the time of his death the general public knew nothing of him; only Robert Bridges, his friend from youth, knew his worth. With infinite tact and care, Bridges, as literary executor, introduced Hopkins to readers of verse by allowing a few of the poems to be included in anthologies. In 1918 the late Poet Laureate edited and published seventy-four poems and fragments in an edition which has now been unobtainable for several years; this spring appeared a life of Hopkins; this winter a definitive edition** including seventeen more poems will be issued at a popular price. Who is this strange poet, whose work has but gradually found an audience, and who, forty years after his death, is merely beginning to be known?

On June 11, 1844, a son was born to Manley Hopkins, Esq., Consul General of the Hawaiian Islands to Great Britain. The boy was christened Gerard Manley. His family circle was made up of educated, sensitive people. His mother read omnivorously, we are told, without being a bluestocking; his father wrote both prose and verse. His maternal uncle's landscapes are still admired. His aunt was an accomplished musician and portrait painter. This was certainly a family "gracefully schooling leisure to enliven life." Young Gerard took to music and poetry naturally. He used, in after life, to sing songs for which he himself had composed the music. Before he was eighteen the boy had won two prizes with highly creditable school verse.

In 1862, he went to Oxford, where Jowett and Pater, Liddon and Pusey were the gods of his university generation. The tractarian movement had reached its last stages; Newman was at the Oratory. With a considerable number of his fellow undergraduates Hopkins came under the influence of Pusey, and was not satisfied. In 1866 he decided to become a Catholic, to abandon an insufficient *via media*.

* * *

This was really the only event of the poet's life. The years before and after were calm, or troubled only with ordinary, small affairs—trips to the Continent, visits with friends. In later days, it is true, there were racking religious experiences, but these are not matters which a wise biographer will attempt to record. The poetry they inspired is their best history. Hopkins's conversion was a different matter. It is always hard for someone who has not witnessed it to realize the emotional, and even physical, upheaval which a change in faith may produce, especially if the convert's parents are convinced believers of another sect. Oxford in the 'sixties felt keenly the recent defection of some of its most admired sons. Only a brief thirty years before, a Catholic would not have been officially allowed access to the university. With the introduction of popular education, the urbane, cynical indifference of the eighteenth century had been swept away by a flood of rigorous, sincere religious feeling, the overflow from the springs of Methodist "enthusiasm." It was a congenital misfortune to be born a Catholic; to become one was to be wilfully perverse. And so when, at the request of his distraught parents, Hopkins wrote concerning his impending conversion to the formidable Dr. Pusey, and requested an inter-

* GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS. By G. F. LAHEY. New York: Oxford University Press. 1930. $3.50.

** THE POEMS OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS, edited by ROBERT BRIDGES, are shortly to be issued by the Oxford University Press.

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view, that great man let flow the full venom of his outraged feelings in a letter which still carries some of the electric shock of horror with which it must have affected the young undergraduate.

My dear Sir:

I thank you for the personal kindness of your letter. It would *not* be accurate to say that I "refused to see" you. What I declined doing was to see you simply to "satisfy relations." I know too well what that means. It is simply to enable a pervert to say to his relations, "I have seen Dr. Pusey, and he has failed to satisfy me." Whereas they know very well that they meant not to be satisfied, that they came with a fixed purpose not to be satisfied. This is merely to waste my time, and create the impression that I have nothing to say. It has, in fact, when done, been a great abuse of the love which I have for all, especially the young.

I do not answer what you say in your note, because it would be still more useless. You have a heavy responsibility. Those who will gain by what you seem determined to do will be the unbelievers.

Yours faithfully,
E. B. PUSEY.

No teacher has ever put in writing a worse indictment of his own unlovely character.

After his conversion Hopkins took a degree, taught for a time at the Oratory, felt a vocation for the Society of Jesus, and was finally ordained in the early 'seventies. Meanwhile he wrote no poetry:

What I had written I burnt before I became a Jesuit and resolved to write no more, as not belonging to my profession, unless it were by the wish of my superiors; so for seven years I wrote nothing but two or three little presentation pieces which occasion called for. But when in the winter of '75 the *Deutschland* was wrecked in the mouth of the Thames and five Franciscan nuns, exiles from Germany by the Falck Laws, aboard of her were drowned, I was affected by the account and happening to say so to my rector he said he wished someone would write a poem on the subject. On this hint I set to work and, though my hand was out at first, produced one. I had long had haunting my ear the echo of a new rhythm which now I realized on paper. . . . I do not say the idea is altogether new . . . but no one has professedly used it and made it a principle throughout, that I know of.

It is this "new rhythm" which made Hopkins a great poet, in spite of the meagre quantity of his writing.

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ciples of Gerard Hopkins's prosody are closely written six page preface which was published in the 1918 edition of his verse. To condense them into a few paragraphs is impossible. But one can state their underlying spirit. In his day English poetry had reached what seems to many of us an *impasse*. It was not truly manly, truly living. It varied from the soft, sweet, often admirable, music of Tennyson to the unearthly complexities and Rooseveltian gusto of Browning. There was little strength to it, as there is not much more to-day. It was a delightful, if difficult, game. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, even some of their lesser contemporaries have far more life, convey far more depth of real feeling than even the best verse written since. What was lacking? Perhaps the men; that could not and cannot be remedied. Certainly the technique; that could be. The eighteenth century had built up a convention of English metre, partly based on classical models, partly based on the idea of rigid regularity within the line structure. The Romantics had broken the obviously sterile eighteenth century conventions in diction; they had not even considered breaking its more subtly sterile conventions in metre and line structure. These conventions could, and can, produce fine poetry, but they have about them a monotony, a dreary sameness, which has made even their most convinced adherents seek relief in tolerated irregularity.

The unfortunate strength of the neo-classic prosody is that almost any piece of verse commonly admitted to be great can be made to scan by the rules, though only the most insensitive person reads verse that way, especially the earlier Elizabethan and Jacobean verse. The result was that, since Dryden's time, poets, in the name of form, had come to follow blindly the habit of superimposing often irrelevant metrical schemes upon the thought or feeling they wished to express. Only when sound and sense happened, more often through luck than good management, to coincide, as in Gray's "Elegy," in Keats's "Odes," in a little of Wordsworth and Shelley, in much light verse, had really fine poetry resulted.

Hopkins broke the magic circle, which our own Sidney Lanier had tried to break, which, by denying its existence, many an uncertain modern poet has broken himself upon. Regular rhythm has its appropriate uses, but in most cases the "new rhythm" is preferable, for it is the rhythm of music, the rhythm of rhythmic prose, the perfectly elastic means for making sound reinforce and interpret sense, a requisite for all great poetry. The new rhythm he called "sprung rhythm," and it is in theory, nothing more than this; a line should always be considered as made up of any given number of equal units, each unit containing one stressed syllable together with another stressed syllable or as many unstressed syllables as one may choose, rather than a fixed number. The second stressed syllable can be replaced by a rest, as in music. Thus each foot or unit is variable within the limitations of ordinary language. "Scanning runs on without break from the beginning, say, of a stanza to the end, and all the stanza is one long strain, though written in lines asunder." This makes possible a true pattern in the stanza, but a variable pattern. We have reached the point where the music of Donne, of Ben Jonson's Cary-Morison "Ode," of Milton's Choruses in "Sampson" is again possible. Sound and sense can again live in peaceful harmony, without one forever running away with the other.

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Hopkins's own efforts along these lines clothe with form and substance the principles he enunciated. Much can be said against some of his rhymes; occasionally a line or two is infelicitous in diction. The poems are hard to understand; they are written in a style so packed, so condensed, so deliberately striving to gain force through inversions and omissions that a reader must be patient, must read them often and carefully. To quote from them is to deface them; they must be read entire. The following sestet from an untitled sonnet, describing a common mystic mood of despair, may, nevertheless, serve to illustrate the method, the intensity of feeling, the striking novelty of language which makes all the poems reward study.

. . . O the mind, mind has mountains; cliffs to fall
Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed. Hold them cheap
May who ne'er hung there. Nor does long our small
Durance deal with that steep or deep. Here! creep,
Wretch, under a comfort serves in a whirlwind: all
Life death does end and each day dies with sleep.

The influence of Hopkins has had, and will have, an integrating effect on modern poetry. His old friend, Robert Bridges, is the first obviously to have written in the full light of the "new rhythm." "The Testament of Beauty" reflects Hopkins on every page. The following four lines show it strikingly:

The sky's unresting cloudland, that with varying play
sifteth the sunlight thru' its figured shades, that now
stand in massive range, cumulated stupendous
mountainous snowbillowy up-piled in dazzling sheen, . . .

The whole of the late Poet Laureate's greatest book is a monument in its prosody to his friendship for Gerard Hopkins. But many another contemporary poet has felt, consciously or unconsciously, the quickening influence.

Here at last modern poetry can find the rationale, the convention, of freedom it has been seeking. Hopkins himself, in 1879, wrote what might be considered an apologia for all modernity:

But as air, melody, is what strikes me most of all in music and design in painting, so design, pattern, or what I am in the habit of calling *inscape*, is what I above all aim at in poetry. Now it is the virtue of design, pattern, or inscape to be distinctive, and it is the vice of distinctiveness to become queer.

And so a Jesuit priest, working quietly in the National University in Dublin over forty years ago, stated principles to which modern poets must listen, even if they do not understand; a priest capable of so incredibly modern—and timeless—a poem as this, "Pied Beauty":

Glory be to God for dappled things—
For skies of couple-color as a brinded cow;
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and plow;
And áll trádes, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
Praise him.

A considerable list of books has recently been added to the employees' library by the Bank of England. The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street encourages good taste in her reading room; in fiction among her recent accessions, as librarians say, are McFee's "Aliens," Wilder's "Woman of Andros," Tomlinson's "All Our Yesterdays," and John Galt's "Annals of the Parish."

Chronique Scandaleuse

MRS. GRUNDY. A History of Four Centuries of Morals Intended to Illuminate Present Problems in Great Britain and the United States. By LEO MARKUN. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by PRESERVED SMITH
Cornell University

WHILE the true aristocrat may scorn public opinion as "the clamor of all the fools one doesn't know in addition to that of all one damnably does," the plebeian habitually applies to his every action the test of his neighbor's opinion. "What will Mrs. Grundy think? What will Mrs. Grundy say?" is the classic formulation of the ethical standard by a person in Morton's "Speed the Plough," which, for the last two centuries, has given a proverbial character to current speech. Not inappropriately, therefore, has Mr. Markun taken Mrs. Grundy as the great modern moral philosopher, the patron saint of modern life, and the *herois eponyma* of his ethical history. For, the rise of democracy has fastened the middle-class ethics upon the habits of the white peoples, and most strongly on those selected by the author for treatment, the English-speaking nations.

Quite rightly the author recognizes the Reformation as the first wave of the rising tide of bourgeois ascending. From John Calvin to Earl Carroll, through Reformation, Restoration, Revolution, and Relaxation, he has painted a series of Hogarthian pictures illustrating the progress of the rake and the harlot through four centuries of futile attempts to repress them. In the end, his history of morals amounts to a history of immorality and of the efforts of Puritan and reformer to combat it.

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According to his testimony, fornication and drunkenness have been the favorite indoor sports, and persecuting their addicts the favorite outdoor sport, of all generations. The leading topic of his book is what one of Oscar Wilde's clergymen described as "the usual subject—purity." The erotic interest is disproportionately emphasized, because of its popular appeal; though the final result is that the reader of six hundred and fifty pages largely devoted to sex begins to feel that even vice has lost its roses and raptures. The human heart may be, as Mr. Markun and the Westminister divines agree, desperately wicked and deceitful above all things; but it is also desperately uninventive and tedious in its monotonous variations on the same theme of sexual enjoyment.

In classing Mr. Markun with the catechists for a moment I do not mean to imply that he agrees with their ethics. No indeed! His sympathies are much more with the sinners than with their persecutors. He is, like so many of us moderns, a little the cynic and the satirist. The height of his art has been to select the most startling scandals and the most narrow-minded legislation, and to pour over the whole concoction a *sauce piquante* of ridicule. Prostitutes are a-peppered and Puritans assaulted throughout his pages with equal gusto, in order to season them to the taste of the jaded palate. He has certainly succeeded in making a work as readable as a newspaper, and about as scrappy. The introduction of material on the sports, dress, and drink of the populace, on religion, superstition, and illusion, lends welcome variety to the story; while the lively style and numerous illustrations add still further to its interest.

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What he has missed almost altogether has been the properly historical view. Though he has read very widely in the sources, and has collected many entertaining facts, burdened with no more than the usual proportion of error, his whole interest is in the sensational and the startling. He has made his history of morals what the older natural histories used to be, a museum of curiosities. The deeper currents of social and economic and even of religious movements, and the fabric of the body politic from which ethics are but the natural secretion, are beyond his purview. His purpose, as declared by his title, is not the scientific, but the practical one, "to illuminate present problems." As far as I can read his intention, it is to show the futility of all moral regulation. He would cure humanity's sick conscience as the guillotine cured headache. To change the metaphor, he has fired his blunderbuss, loaded with ten thousand facts, at humanity, and has left a carcass riddled in every vital orgin.

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The Society of Jesus

THE POWER AND SECRET OF THE JESUITS. By RENÉ FÜLÖP-MILLER. Translated by F. S. FLINT & D. F. TAIT. New York: The Viking Press. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by FATHER C. C. CLIFFORD
Columbia University

HERR FÜLÖP-MILLER, who is a distinguished Hungarian, perhaps we ought to say, European, journalist, has written a notable and in many ways baffling book on what he calls "The Power and Secret of the Jesuits." It is not history; not, at least, in the more austere and scientific sense of the word, as many affect to consider it in these latter days; neither is it panegyric, nor polemic, nor plain expository narrative, nor any of the things, in fine, that fit in with modern categories or varieties of theme. It might be described, loosely, as the author himself describes it, as an attempt to track down the mystery that always seems to lurk behind any account of the power and secret of the great Order that has played so large a rôle in the history of post-Tridentine Catholicism.

The Jesuits have, roughly speaking, suffered from three kinds of writers. Panegyrists of the uncritical Cretineau-Joly type have provoked a spirit of hostile criticism which in itself has been the psychological parent of habitual ill will even among large numbers of the "orthodox." Griesinger, Nicolini, and the ridiculous and often illiterate exploiters of *Jesuiten-Hitze* in France, in Italy, and in Northern Germany are instances of the second class. They have had their sorry day; and with the filtering of accurate historic knowledge down to the lower levels of the middle-class mind their influence has perceptibly waned during the past generation.

The third class ranges over the entire course of Jesuit history. It is made up largely of those who pretend to have a scandal to reveal. The infamous Marc Antonio de Dominis is one of the earliest instances of this kind. After leaving the Society he rose to episcopal orders, and then, entering upon a new rôle, suggested to him in all likelihood by Sir Henry Wotton, who was then English Ambassador to the Venetian Republic, passed over to the English moderates, among whom, owing to his chance presence at Montaigne's "consecration," he acquired for a time a kind of spurious importance in the long and unavailing controversy on the ecclesiastical significance of the Anglican position. Known among controversial experts as the *Apostata Spalatensis*, his influence passed with his death; but he was the forerunner of a fairly long and invidious line, reappearing in scattered instances in our own day, whose temperamental witness against the Order must be judged by all honest men as having little value.

Herr Fülöp-Miller's treatment of his large and almost too various theme is a curious one, to say the least. He has undoubtedly done an extraordinary amount of intelligent reading. He has ransacked the libraries of Europe with the instinct rather of a barrister than of a student; and as a result of this consultative method of research there seems to have formed in the back of his mind a *schema* of problems dear to the heart of the modern journalist; who is not necessarily, let us hasten to add, either shallow or unfair in his findings. These problems are, significantly enough, eight in number; and they would seem to have constituted for the author a rounded and unitary whole, comparable to the octave in post-medieval music.

With the earlier elements of the scheme which touch upon the spirit of Jesuitism, the personality of the founder, the emergence of the Jesuit point of view in theology and ethics, we need not occupy ourselves here. They are frankly, but intelligently, laudatory; yet they constitute one of the most penetrating estimates of the Society of Jesus outside of the official apologists of the much challenged Order itself.

English-speaking students will be disappointed, perhaps, at the inadequate treatment accorded to that long line of heroes, Parsons, Campion, Gerard, Brother Owen, who fought with such courage and resourcefulness their losing battle against the compromise which eventually triumphed in history and which is known to-day, variously, as the English Church, the Anglican Establishment, or the official Religion of the Crown. Though the America, even of our own day, must, of course be described as an English-speaking country, it has, strangely enough, lost touch with those chapters in the spiritual story of the race which reveal how incorrigibly religious the old pre-colonial blood was that went to the making of the greater England across the seas.

It was seventeenth century France that furnished those pioneers of discovery of whose unselfish intrepidity our own Parkman has written with such inspiring detail. Indeed, it is this portion of Herr Fülöp-Miller's book which will furnish the information naïvely asked for, always with an acidulous suggestion of dead issues and unlaid ghosts of "Papal aggression," in so many provincial sections of the United States of America to-day.

Martrys, missionaries, controversialists, metaphysicians, humanists, mathematicians, Spanish thinkers, boldly tracking down in their sparsely furnished cells, by way of preparing for the morrow's class, those principles which give reality and meaning to such theories as are ultimately found workable in Church or State, in commerce, in education, or in the less considered ways of every day life—how quietly, how unaffectedly, they pass through these crowded pages! Surely, it is a "goodly company" that the scholarly imagination of this Hungarian publicist has raised

From Nivelon's "The Rudiments of Genteel Behavior."

for the reader; and as we watch their solemn "march past," we seem to understand the significance of that paradoxical reply said to have been offered by the Founder to a Spanish critic who had ventured to ask what type of man would succeed best in this curiously innovating and all but revolutionary Order. "Why, just the type of man," was the reply, "who would succeed best in the world." Whether the epigram be apocryphal or not, the figures of the long historic pageant would seem to bear, severally and individually, that unmistakable stamp of immediacy and thoroughness—efficiency, perhaps, we should rather call it—which indubitably makes part of the moral secret of what the Order has achieved during well nigh four centuries of work for the "greater glory of God." Indeed, one might go further and claim that the saint imported a new loyalty into the Christian body. Though the Middle Ages delighted to speak of the Church as a mother, it remained for this belated apostle of blind obedience to see in Peter's successor the one "Holy Father" without whom, in an anarchic time, this mystical body itself would be cheated of all efficiency; and so made unintelligible to the children who would serve it best.

It is in his closing pages that Herr Fülöp-Miller is most disappointing. His verdict practically amounts to a dismissal of the claims which he has so elaborately set forth in the course of the book. What have they done, he seems to ask, compared with the true promoters of civilization and science? The world could have got on without them; and the Catholicism which they succeeded in saving at the Reformation period has, in the meanwhile, taken on too many of their own characteristics to be considered an ecumenical Church. That is what the elaborate, but otherwise pointless, citations signify, ranging, as they do (somewhat disconnectedly, the reader will feel), from Herder and Harnack to Dostoievsky's stirring, but inadequate, parable in "The Legend of the Grand Inquisitor."

No sane man would wish, of course, to quarrel with Herr Fülöp-Miller's own interpretation of the evidence which he has been at such pains to gather. He does admit, somewhat innocently, it might be conceded, that the great Order must be judged from "the modern point of view." What "the modern point of view" is he does not tell us explicitly, save that it looks upon Aristotle and his "teleological methods," which the Society, he thinks, has taken over in the lump, as demoded and hopelessly out of date. One wonders how much of Aristotle and his methods he has digested in his pre-journalistic days. It is not every thinker that knows his own metaphysical family tree; and there is much of unsuspected assumption in the theories of the most thoughtful of us.

Religious insight is not quite the same thing as historical insight; and it might be urged that the root of Herr Fülöp-Miller's failure to reach a more decisive verdict may be due to an aboriginal confusion of two distinct orders of thought. The Society of Jesus, in common with every other religious Order, is a human creation. It is not to be identified, in any strict sense, with the Christian Church at large. Neither is Catholicism itself to be confused with that more definite and almost tangible body of doctrine which the intelligent world knows as the Catholic Faith.

These distinctions are vital and fundamental; and they must be taken into account, if we are to form an understanding estimate of whatever "problem" may be supposed to lurk behind the thing called "Jesuitism" during the last four hundred years of religious controversy. "Jesuitism" is an unlovely word, coined originally in sectarian ignorance and misprision. If it must be used, however, let it be with the reminder that it has produced martyrs and mystics and saints in well nigh more impressive numbers than the scientists and scholars to whom the academic world has seldom refused fellowship. Its laborious determination, therefore, never to lose sight of that "greater glory of God" which seems to have created a vague kind of scruple in Herr Fülöp-Miller's mind, need not be held incompatible—so might even a modern psychologist suggest!—with much that is of good repute on the lower levels of human activity. With these strictures we commend a finely conceived, yet puzzlingly uneven, book to its English-speaking readers.

The Greek Genius

THE GREEK WAY. By EDITH HAMILTON. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by HETTY GOLDMAN

I HASTEN to say that in "The Greek Way" Edith Hamilton has written an excellent book which sums up with profound and sympathetic insight the essential quality of the Greek genius and its achievement, especially in the field of literature. But I have a quarrel to pick with some of her statements, which will out. As a background to the Greek picture Miss Hamilton paints, in a few bold strokes, a sketch of the civilizations which were already extinct or in full decline when Greece was born. We are told: "In Egypt, in Crete, in Mesopotamia, wherever we can read bits of the story, we find the same conditions: a despot enthroned, whose whims and passion are the determining factor in the state; a wretched, subjugated populace; a great priestly organization to which is handed over the domain of the intellect." Such sweeping statements are dangerous, even for Egypt and Mesopotamia, although in a very general way they hold true. But pray what is Crete doing in that company? Crete, a land without great temples, where worship was carried on on heights and in caves, or at small domestic shrines. Crete, of whose religion we know nothing but what we can surmise from paintings, from the engravings on rings and gems, and from a handful of bronze and faience figurines. And if we wish to add a very doubtful source material to our meagre stock, we may attempt, by analysis, to extract something about prehistoric Crete from the legends of Greece. Where do we get a hint, in Cretan art, of "a wretched, subjugated populace?" Surely not in the proud young soldier, who on a steatite vase salutes his superior officer; nor in the jolly harvesters who, on a similar vessel, march along singing a rowdy refrain. There is, I believe, not a single prostrate Cretan in art; not even on the Egyptian frescoes, where they are shown bringing their gifts of metal work to the court of the Pharaohs. All this would not be worth dwelling on at any length, if many lovers of the Greek genius did not believe that the Cretan was one of the more important elements that went into its making. Some of the statements about Egypt too invite a challenge. Had the belief of the Egyptians in immortality and their extraordinary preoccupation with the tomb in reality

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its origin in the consolation of human misery, which "seeing little hope for happiness in this world, turned instinctively to find comfort in another?" Surely, it is quite as plausible to think of the cult of the tomb, which was at first restricted to the Pharoah and his family and only gradually spread to the great nobles and then to the people at large, as originating in an extension of the Pharoah's power beyond and in defiance of the appearances of death.

When she comes to her true theme, Miss Hamilton treats first of the distinguishing quality of the Greek genius: the happy balance of liberty and restraint in the social life of the people, and the corresponding balance maintained in their spiritual life between the mind and the spirit; in other words between the intellectual and the mystical approach to reality. The Greeks looked upon the world about them, they inquired into its mechanism and sought after the laws by which it was governed; and in spite of its insufficiencies and tragedies, they found it good, and man himself a very noble work.

To illustrate the Greek genius, Miss Hamilton dwells chiefly upon the works of the poets who expressed themselves in dramatic form,—Aristophanes, the master of comedy, and the three great tragedians, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. And in order to bring them nearer the comprehension of minds steeped in the imagery of the Bible and in later European literature, she draws illuminating parallels between Aristophanes and our own Gilbert, between Æschylus and Shakespeare. The author realizes fully the difficulty of making later generations respond to the emotional scale that has prevailed in the past. What arouses a very storm of emotions in one generation, may call forth only intellectual and esthetic appreciation in another. Who would now resort to the flute as an instrument with which to stir the feelings? And still it was capable of producing in the Greeks emotional excesses, which the strict moralists of their day saw themselves forced to condem. To a certain extent this is also true of their literature. While some are still capable of enjoying and appreciating Greek literature intellec- [illegible] few read it with that emotional response to us so easily when we fall under the modern writers. Our palates are used [illegible] ghly seasoned food, and rare indeed is the person who can get the full savor of the Greek. To whoever wishes to have his sensibilities oriented towards a finer and more intense enjoyment of Greek poetry, one may recommend Miss Hamilton's book without reserve.

Napoleon's Police President

JOSEPH FOUCHÉ: THE PORTRAIT OF A POLITICIAN. By STEFAN ZWEIG. New York: The Viking Press. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

JOSEPH FOUCHÉ, the Police President of Napoleon, ex-theological student, fanatical revolutionary, at length Duke of Otranto and sponsor of the accession of King Louis XVIII, is one of the most remarkable figures in revolutionary history, or in modern history altogether, for the matter of that. Herr Zweig is right in pointing out that, apart from the authoritative biography by Louis Madelin—to which he, like any student of Fouché, must acknowledge a considerable debt—and the characterization in Balzac's "Ténébreuse Affaire," this amazing career has hardly had justice done to it. He therefore—with a half-apology for not giving the public an heroic biography, like, we presume, Ludwig's Napoleon or Lincoln—proposes to repair the omission. His choice is good; heroic biographies are all very well, but they have often been a number of fanciful variations on an old theme. Herr Zweig has at least begun with a fairly fresh theme and, in spite of his predilection for "psychological biography" and his debt to Freud as shown in earlier works, he does not seem to have varied the story to such an extent as to obscure the original tune.

The part played by Fouché in the French Revolution is familiar to all students of that period. Yet he was never fond of the limelight; he was, by preference, what Herr Zweig calls him, one of the *Hintergrundsmenschen*—one of those in the background, only brought into prominence when it was safe for him to appear so. He was not by any means a man of heroic build, either physically or morally—and Herr Zweig gives a remarkable pen picture of the outward man, sketched in a few lines. But for shrewdness, for calculation, for patience and fidelity to his aim, he might almost be called a genius. He gave his vote for execution of Louis XVI, when completely sure of his ground. His work against the counter-revolutionaries at Lyons, which earned him the name of the "mitrailleur of Lyons," the justification for which is supplied by Herr Zweig in a terrible chapter, was calculated to strengthen his position among the Jacobins, yet this he was able successfully to live down when the fatal hour struck for the execution of Robespierre, his bitter enemy.

Always seeing one step ahead of his rivals and enemies he was able to sail in triumphantly on the wave of reaction and reach high honors under the Empire. Then, of course, began the greatest drama of all; Herr Zweig has well staged it. He intrigued against Napoleon; he entered into communication with his enemies. More, he was discovered, but so carefully had his plans been laid, so much was he favored by the luck of war—Herr Zweig might perhaps have emphasized Fouché's luck more than he has done—that, although degraded by the Emperor he was able to escape the fatal sentence which would surely have descended on men less feared than he. But the Emperor's extremity was Fouché's opportunity; he had an uncanny foreknowledge of the wheel-turning process of Fortune. And so he was able, he the Duke of Otranto, not only to secure high office under Louis XVIII, whose brother he had condemned to death twenty years or so previously, but was even able to contract—most religiously, of course—an aristocratic marriage with the Comtesse de Castellane, to which one of the witnesses was the king himself.

But the sands were running out; the regicide who had helped Louis to his throne had served his purpose, and the remembrance of his early life was too terrible for the court to tolerate him longer. He looked round for his friends, conscious that the pursuit was beginning. Surely he had insured all possible means of escape, or even of continuing in that position of power to which his instincts bid him hold. But those he had thought to clasp to himself by blackmail, by services rendered, by fear—all now deserted him, and he fell, and went into exile, to be harried from one place to another by Metternich, to be deceived by his young wife, to be despised, even worse, forgotten, by the world which had once trembled at his name. "So utterly forgotten is he that no one beyond a few officials in the Austrian police service pays any heed when at length, in the year 1819, Metternich allows the Duke of Otranto to remove to Triest—granting this favor only because he knows from a trustworthy source that it is accorded to a dying man." It was at Triest in December of the following year that Joseph Fouché died.

Herr Zweig, in limning "the portrait of the most remarkable politician the world has ever known" has furnished one of the most interesting biographies of recent months.

Fantastic Truth

LOST BUFFALO. By LEONARD BACON. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

THIS is a good book, not a patent-medicine. It is honestly and skilfully written by a craftsman—and a craftsman who has little to learn in the field of satiric, narrative verse. There is a good deal of narrative verse being written these days, and a good deal of satire—but few practitioners can combine the two with the deftness and sting of Mr. Bacon at his best. The first two verses of "Lost Buffalo" give you a taste of his manner.

This is a tale of people that we know not,
And, in a sense, can never hope to know,
Travellers on roads where in our dreams we go not,
Whose life and thought belong to long ago,
Yet who are tangled in the twisted bow-knot
Of our queer string, helpless and dumb and slow,
And eyeing with half-conscious consternation
What we too glibly call civilization.

Say fifty years ago a man could ride
For three days in the Blacksnake reservation.
It was a province fair and bright and wide,
From Pronghorn, where the agent had his station,
To Fort MacNutt on the blue mountain side,
Where lonely troopers in the desolation
Upheld their country's honor and the laws,
And had intrigues occasionally with squaws. . . .

Then the tale proceeds, the tale of one of the extraordinary and sardonic jests of oil, gushing up unexpectedly on the Blacksnake Reservation, to craze and mystify debased Indian and thieving white. The characters of the tale do not move in our best circles. Lurana, the shoddy prostitute, Hallowell, the hard-bitten murderer, Frozen Deer, the ignoble red man turned oil millionaire overnight, and John Claypole who bamboozled him out of half a million in the name of Pronghorn Baptist College—these creatures belong to our own earth, but it does not flatter us to see them so nakedly set forth. But Mr. Bacon's paints go deeper than the plaster, and now and then he has a certain pity on their nakedness, as in his description of Frozen Deer's strange exile

Where the realtor and the movie-queen
Gambol together, and with boost and boast
Rise cities that change like pictures on the screen. . . .

There, it is written of Frozen Deer,

In his mind,
Timid, bewildered, very far away,
Something moved, shadowlike, quietly behind
The modern city and the garish day.
He looked for it at nightfall, as the blind
Look where sound issues. It were hard to say
What that thing might be. Some strange secret, rife
With portent, adumbration of some life,

That should have been his own, however weak
And dull, the thing that makes the spring or crag
Have their own life for the wild man, makes them speak
Fantastic truth that logic cannot tag,
Giving divinity to pass and peak
Our feebler fancy lacks the force to drag
From book or church or even the burning heart
That yearns to make itself parcel and part
Of a beauty perished. Sometimes in a dream
Frozen Deer saw a mighty buffalo bull
On the black skyline, or heard a panther scream,
Or the men's song from the khiva seemed to lull
Senses outwearied by the clanking scheme
Of white men's things. And in his low-browed skull
Took place some electronic interchange
That you and I might well consider strange.

There is a river that dies out in the waste
In a white swamp of salt. That too he saw.
It told him things directly and ungraced
By rhetoric, and exempt from logic's law
As we conceive it. The world had been defaced
For him and his. Fate's finger, on the flaw
In his being, lay upon him like a weight.
Patient he lay, under the finger of Fate.

And not as you and I might, meditating,
Stricken by spiritual paralysis,
But seeing images like fireflies mating,
Nocturnal, over some unknown abyss.
He did not struggle. He was only waiting
For the prodigious touch of Nemesis,
Who has devised a special legislature
For all of us—the renegades from nature.

So the tale goes on, crackling, to its sharp finale.

The rest of the volume consists of sonnets and lyrics. The sonnets are amusing, lively, bitter—but I would give any six of them (except "Under the Tropic") for "America Deserta" or "Discovery," not to speak of "The Road to Lutzen" and "Sarvachradden," two earlier poems which it is good to find again and which are sure quarries for the anthologist.

Mr. Bacon has a mind and habit of his own, a disciplined and expert style. In "Ulug Beg," "The Mound Builders," and "Lost Buffalo," he has shown how he can sustain a narrative. As a devotee of long, narrative poems, I should like to see him try something of the size and spaciousness of "Ulug Beg" again, this time with an American setting. He has some of the faults of facility and is occasionally inclined to use a six-inch gun on a butterfly. But when he has a subject up to the metal he carries, "if wan or two in the shtalls have been discommoded, the gallery have enjoyed the performances av a Roshus." It was so in "Ulug Beg", it is so in "Lost Buffalo" and the best of the shorter poems.

Here is good meat and a sharp sauce,
A clean hearth and a bright fire.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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The Bowling Green

The Folder

J L. JR. reports that he has visited Congruity, Pa. He writes: "I kept a look-out for the harmonious spot as I and my chariot fled westward over the Wm. Penn highway. Well, Congruity consists of a half-dozen houses at a cross-roads. These places might amuse you: Backbone, Ky., Shoulderblades, Ky., and Apologies, N. C. My chariot is eager for the broad highway again, but at least I've seen Congruity."

A. L. writes from Ithaca that she has treasured since last November an advertisement that appeared in this SATURDAY REVIEW and whose humor she fears some of us missed. It ran thus:—

> INTRIGUE, PASSION, and utter decadence are revealed in "The Memoirs of Cardinal Dubois" as translated by Ernest Dowson. The whole shameful record is brought to light in this limited edition . . . one of the many books obtainable for ideal Christmas gifts

As the Business Department will hasten to remind us, it is always desirable to study the insertions in "Counter Attractions."

Going to the old sub-Treasury building on Wall Street, to visit the Passport Bureau, is always an excitement; but still more so if you pause to read the tablet at the western end of the steps which says, without any reservations, "On this site the Congress on July 13, 1787, dedicated the territory Northwest of the Ohio River forever to freedom."

It reminded me somehow of a statue I once noticed near the Pantheon in Paris; it was a bright moonlight night and I was prowling about to study whies and wherefors; the moon was bright enough to read the inscription on the base of the statue, which said "on this spot Someoneorother proclaimed the Rights of Man, in the Presence of the Supreme Being." That, I think was in 1791. The last 15 years of the 18th century were the heyday of Proclamation.

But, if the Supreme Being is present, *has* man any Rights? And if so, what? I should like to send a stamped envelope to the authors of "The Meaning of Meaning" (Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1923) and get this answered.

In a recent clearance of overplus on some crowded bookshelves, "The Meaning of Meaning" was one of the books I steadfastly retained. Like W. W. Rouse Ball's "Mathematical Recreations and Essays" (Macmillan) it is one of those precious volumes one clings to hoping for the eventual millennium when we will all have leisure to be wise.

Someday an essay might be written On the Pessimism of Publishers, considering the unavoidable melancholia that must afflict a merchant of print when he sees how skilful is humanity in avoiding the books that require thought.

Posthumous fame of a great personality has its tidal movements, its periods of subterranean quiescence. It has been interesting to note lately a quiet but strong increase of considered tribute to the memory of Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Bainbridge Colby's "The Close of Woodrow Wilson's Administration and the Final Years" was an admirable, serene, and intimate address given last spring before the Missouri Historical Society. It has been reprinted in a small book (Mitchell Kennerley, New York). Mr. Colby's subsequent article in the August *Current History* has the same good quality: courteous, but sharply definite. He asks whether it is necessary for the admirers of Roosevelt to express their tribute so largely by abuse of Wilson. That is probably a subtle rhetorician's question: probably those two Presidents were antipodes by instinct; it would be hard to find many political citizens flexible enough to be partisans of both.

But there is a quietness about the returning tide of Wilson appreciation which seems to me to argue large power.

It was a great happiness to meet Will Dyson, the Australian artist, on his recent visit to New York; and a joy to see, by a catalogue from the Ferargil Galleries (63 East 57th Street) with an introductory note by Newlin Price, that his extraordinary etchings are beginning to be known in this country. It is customary among lovers of Dyson to remark on the savagery of his work, but the understanding eye will always note the grave and beautiful tenderness that lies behind it. The point dips in acid but the hand moves in something wider than mere satire. There were some of us who first came to know Dyson's brilliant work many years ago, before the War, when he was doing bewildering burlesque and bitter cartoons in the London *Daily Herald*, the Labor paper. Then for a long time we heard nothing of him. It was excellent to learn how his rich talent had grown in all those anxious years. Arthur Balfour once said of him "A probably dangerous young man, but at once too subtle and too violent to be greatly feared." Will Dyson is no longer exactly young, and not dangerous to any lover of beauty; his fine work is greatly cherished and is sure of honored respect among those who are not afraid of ideas put on copper.

Undoubtedly there were many readers of the British press who cheered the following letter in the London *Week-End Review*:—

> SIR,—To save an infinity of trouble to editors, printers, and the reading public, I hasten to inform you that last week-end I heard the cuckoo, nightingale, yaffle, Norwegian whistler, Smith's skylark, Shelley's skylark, stonechat, and backchat. In the intervals of listening to these premature birds, I gathered Hick's violet, the spotted tittilary, the quaint old-world dog's-tail and sops-in-wine, and other incredible flowers; and picked a splendid specimen of oakum (near Parkhurst). I have also grown the largest vegetable marrow ever produced in this country, though, as it has been consumed at table, I cannot now produce evidence on this point, and the tallest hollyhock.
>
> Trusting that all correspondence on these and cognate matters is now made entirely superfluous for another year,—
> I am, etc., "WAYFARER"

Fortunately American managing editors are hard-boiled, and we here are not so perennially opiated with *Siste Viator's* letters about the first skunk cabbage or the yellow-breasted gammergurton.

One British institution, however, which should open a New York branch is Useful Women, Ltd., of 48 Dover Street, London W. 1. "Efficient gentlewomen are available," says their leaflet, "at very short notice to undertake any of the following, or to do anything else if it is possible to do it." Among a long list of their specialties we may remark the following:—

Bridge lessons given, and good emergency players provided
Children taken charge of and escorted to Doctors and Dentists
Chiropodists recommended
Debutantes taken out for the Season
Dinner speeches prepared
Dogs washed, brushed and exercised
Horses exercised
Horticultural Shows attended and reports sent to flower lovers
Income Tax returns prepared
Invalids inquired for, visited and read to
Jumpers made to order
Letters written
Lonely persons visited and entertained
Luggage collected and forwarded
Mending for bachelors
Miniature painting at reasonable charges
Orders taken for jam, new-laid eggs and fowls
Pearls re-strung
Public speakers provided
Trains met
Visitors to London accompanied
Vintage wines obtained at advantageous prices
Zoo parties arranged and escorted

Another form of Useful Womening is what the librarians of the Queen's Borough Public Library are doing in their new book bus—a gigantic Parnassus on Wheels which we had the good fortune to encounter on its maiden voyage on Long Island roads the other day. This enormous book-vehicle is named (in honor of Walt Whitman) *O Pioneer!* and was christened by Mayor Walker himself. It is in charge of Mrs. Oliver Whiesnant, chief of the Extension Division of the Jamaica Library, who says of it:—

> With its 2,000 volumes of fiction and fact, *O Pioneer* will go into remote parts of Queens Borough which have no permanent library stations. Its twenty or more weekly stops will be made at schools, subway and "L" stations, prominent bus stops, community centers and industrial plants at hours when people of varied interests may take advantage of its joys. Its crew will consist of two librarians (one of whom is specially trained for children's work) and a chauffeur attendant. It will rapidly develop the districts it serves into permanent library stations.

W. S. Hall's interesting introduction to "The Spirit of America," a charming volume of Currier and Ives prints issued by William Edwin Rudge, reminds me of my severe disappointment at the old Sybil's Cave bierstube in Hoboken. Long ago I had noticed two Currier and Ives's hanging there, dark with time and smoke. But I supposed that no one else had noticed them. I let a year or so go by: and then one day this summer, armed with fifty actual (but borrowed) dollars, I went in to try to purchase them . . . one glance told the story: there were two light rectangles on the dark old walls. And my friend the proprietor said, "Yes, a crazy man was in here: he gave me fifty dollars for the two of 'em."

The collector must never delay or disobey a hunch.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Sub Specie Aeternitatis

SOON or late they lay me in a narrow square
of ground.
"She is dead who once was quick," they
weep and say,
"Still who once moved; given up to darkness and
decay
Who once knew light and laughter, color and sound.
Gone, gone what once was here, lost what we sometime knew."
And neither now nor then can any of that be true.

How shall I take away what never was really mine?
How shall there be lost that which I only borrow?
Tricked now by body and voice, and then by a
following sorrow,
They take me for something apart, and not for the
corporal sign,
The shifting reflection, the colorless water, the
strange
Impermanent mirror of things that are foreign to
change.

For I possess at the last nothing apart from these
Immortal lovely lands that gave me birth,
No thoughts that are not moulded by this earth,
No ways of love, reflection, life or ease
I have not taken from this air that fills
These changeless canyons and these high grave hills.

The arching bones, the muscles and the skin,
The ebbing blood, the filaments of hair,
Were all compounded, quickened, made aware
By this earth's stuff, its very core within;
The substance that informs this landscape's sphere
Makes up my flesh and changes with the year.

No rain comes down upon an inch of ground
But in my heart its lightest drop is known,
The very trees are patterned in my bone,
My pulse's rhythm is the river's sound;
There is no slope or shadow but that brought
Some inner correlation to my thought.

And not a fancy shuttles in my brain
But owes its birth to some blue drift of air,
Some length of farmland beautiful and bare,
Some silvered wave of the maturing grain,
Some crackling leaf wherein I came to hear
The admonition of the dying year.

The line of mountains falling to the sea
Repeats itself as music in my mind . . .
I am to go and leave it all behind?
Yet left behind then what remains of me?
A little stone the tides of grass surmount,
A leaf among leaves no winter stops to count.

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Book Club Selections

Elizabethan England

THE MONSTROUS REGIMENT. By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by FREDERIC MILNER

MR. HOLLIS prefaces this book with the quotation from John Knox which runs: "The Monstrous Empire of a cruel woman we know to be the only occasion of all these miseries and yet with silence we pass the time as though the matter did nothing appertain to us." The "cruel woman" concerned is "that poor, weak, badgered queen," Elizabeth, who allowed herself to be at the mercy of Cecil and his "gang of crooks." But though he describes his work as "A Book about Queen Elizabeth," Mr. Hollis has really written about Elizabethan England rather than about the Queen herself and, as a very devout Catholic, he contends that in the sixteenth century England took the wrong turning. Like his intellectual sire, Mr. Belloc, he believes that England, owing to the Reformation, cut herself off from the "rational medieval mind" and destroyed the concept of Europe as a society. He certainly writes with force and brilliance.

None but the most bigoted Protestants can deny that, as Mr. Hollis says, the Reformation in England was a distinctly unsavory thing. It was started by Henry VIII as an attempt to blackmail the Pope into allowing him to marry Anne Boleyn so that there should be a chance of producing the necessary male heir of which Catherine seemed incapable. It was purely a political move in the first place and the doctrinal changes of Somerset and Northumberland were hardly dictated by a pure love of truth. The greed of those who coveted the church lands, to the disadvantage of everybody except themselves, was a disgraceful business, and it is quite true that Elizabeth, who attempted to find a *via media* after the reaction of [illegible] ntirely devoid of real religious any sort. But actually there le to choose between the Catho- testants of the time. If there were Northumberlands and Cecils in England there were the Guises, the Philips, and the Alvas on the Continent. The English Catholics about whom Mr. Hollis is so lyrical appear in a favorable light because they were in a minority.

Whatever one may think about the origins of the Reformation it is difficult to follow Mr. Hollis when he considers that the Elizabethan Religious Settlement was the product of an age of degeneration. There were, of course, plenty of disreputable men, if one judges from the modern point of view, and such people as Drake, Hawkins, and Raleigh cannot be ranked very high. But it was certainly an age of vitality and energy and even if it was violent it cannot be called decadent. The medieval domination of custom had come to an end and there was development in every direction. Overseas discoveries, the introduction of capital into trade and industry, the enclosure movement, the bursting-forth of national spirit, and the glut of literary activity were all the expression of a new individualism. The Elizabethans were very different from present day peoples. They were harsh and unsympathetic and pity seems to have been an unknown virtue to them, for to visit Bedlam was a holidy entertainment. But to talk of them as a "morally feeble and servile lot" because they were not faithful to the Roman Catholic Church is absurd. They regarded that Church as the Italian institution it had in fact become.

The source of Mr. Hollis's attitude of mind is his detestation of nationalism and he is, therefore, extremely bitter against the political philosophy of the Elizabethan period. Jean Bodin, one gathers, must be the devil incarnate to him. But it is only the abuse of nationalism, the belief that one of one's countrymen is worth a dozen foreigners, which is bad. It is not necessary to agree with Hegel that the State is the moving of the Divine Spirit over the face of the earth, but it cannot be denied that in the sixteenth century there was a good deal of truth in the phrase *"le nouveau Messie c'est le roi."* The Crown was the symbol of guarantee of order which both the papacy and the Empire had failed to maintain during the Middle Ages. It was an authority less narrowly local than that of feudalism and less vaguely comprehensive that the Papacy and the Empire. But at any rate Mr. Hollis cannot blame England for the nationalism of the sixteenth century. It may have caused England to reject the Roman Catholic Church "bag and baggage," but it caused Roman Catholic kings also to challenge the claims of the Papacy which since the times of Gregory the Great had claimed temporal as well as spiritual power. In France and Spain a compromise was made whereby religion, but not church government, was accepted from Rome, and, quite irrespective of the Reformation, the temporal kings stepped into the shoes of the medieval Holy Roman Emperor.

With the effects of the English Reformation Mr. Hollis is naturally very much concerned. He is a little inconsistent. He says on one page that from the alliance with England the Dutch gained nothing and on another page he writes that if the Reformation had failed in England the Spaniards would have reimposed their rule upon the Dutch. So important does Mr. Hollis think the English Reformation that he considers it to have saved Protestantism. "If England had remained Catholic the whole Protestant Movement would have collapsed before a hundred years were passed." That is not true and Mr. Hollis, who hates nationalism, really does give to England an excessive amount of importance. It was Calvin and Richelieu who saved Protestantism and enabled even Calvinism to secure recognition after the Thirty Years War at the Peace of Westphalia. That England did her share in destroying the medieval symmetry of Europe is quite true, but that symmetry was not "unity" as Mr. Hollis calls it. There was only uniformity in medieval Europe and uniformity is imposed by external force. Variety is both natural and desirable on all sides of life. despite the Petrine Theory, and real unity can only arise from the voluntary coalescence of the various units. It is now becoming possible in both the religious and political worlds, and both the religious strife of the seventeenth century and the political wars of the eighteenth century were a necessary stage of painful transition.

In so far as he deals with Elizabeth, in conclusion, Mr. Hollis is both inadequate and biassed. He fails to realize her diplomatic genius and overstresses the influence of Cecil. In so far as he deals with the English Reformation Mr. Hollis is blinded to the facts by his zeal. When there have been so many violently Protestant historians there is great scope for the balanced Catholic interpretation, but Mr. Hollis, though a very able man, has not the true temper to seize the opportunity very successfully.

—The Catholic Book Club.

A Living Past

LONE COWBOY. My Life Story. By WILL JAMES. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. $2.75.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS book is an addition to the literature of the West which comes so far out of due time that it seems a rare bit of luck. The general impression is that the old West of the open range, of horse-thieving, of cattle-rustling, of trapping wild mustangs, and of the feud between cattleman and sheepman, has gone forever. According to most writers, this West belonged to the 'seventies, 'eighties, and 'nineties. Barbed wire, irrigation, dry-farming, a more intensive stock-raising, and the growth of population have theoretically killed it as dead as Billy the Kid and Sitting Bull. It supposedly lives only in wild west fiction and the movies. Yet here emerges a cowboy, born in Montana in 1890, who assures us that he was reared, trained, and till a few years ago worked in this identical West; a bit reduced in area and in exuberance, perhaps, but much the same as the open range of the past. He has had all the adventures in it—save those with Indians and buffalo—which any cowboy of the 'seventies might have had. He has roved from below the Mexican border to well above the Canadian line; has studied every kind of life peculiar to the old frontier, even fur-trapping and prospecting; and still a young man, turns up in 1930 to tell a tale which contains enough adventure and hardship for a dozen lives.

Will James's earlier books—"Smoky," "Cow Country," and the rest—were fragments from his experience and observation; here is the whole experience, reported in more than four hundred pages and dozens of his own drawings. In other hands a narrative of life on the cattle range which draws out to 160,000 words might become tiresome; not in Mr. James's. He knows his ranges, cow-camps, and outfits so thoroughly, and his memory for detail is so exact and vivid, that his gusto in reliving these former years is caught by his reader. But it is not a mere succession of details; the book is well planned, and is composed of three or four powerful narrative elements that keep the story always moving, and sometimes make it race. The style fits the subject. No one doubts that Mr. James can write an English which, if not Addisonian, is smooth and correct; his bad grammar, constant colloquialisms, and slovenly sentences are all for deliberate effect. After one grows used to them the effect is good. The discourse is just what we should expect of an ordinary cow-hand telling an earnest tale.

It is the story of an astonishingly lonely life. Most cowboys have a gregarious instinct; but Will James seems to have wandered over the West in solitary fashion, frequently breaking all ties, and making few —though very fast—friends. He had no family. His father, a horse-breaker, died when he was a child, and left him to a French-Canadian trapper, Bopy, of whose rough kindliness he gives us an affectionate description. Once the youngster, left alone while Bopy walked his line of traps in the Montana mountains, drank some lye and almost died. When Bopy was drowned, the boy drifted to the nearest cow-outfit and began wrangling horses. Little by little, with innumerable hard licks and no coddling, he learned his trade. Ultimately he could sit any bronk, rope steers, tame a stallion, change a brand, shoot, and hold liquor. The cowboys slapped his hands with a quirt when he caught hold of his saddle horn, they laughed when he was bucked off, they made him take on "calf wrassling" when the branding began; but when his horse fell and broke his ankle, they took care of him with devoted gentleness. Once, just grown into manhood, he accumulated a little money, and feeling tired of riding the range, took up a homestead in Canada, built a mud cabin, gathered a bunch of cows and calves, and was soon on the way to become a cattleman himself. An encounter with a crazy sheepherder in a saloon, a gun-and-knife fight, and arrest by the Mounted Police, with a short term in a Canadian jail, put an end to this part of his career. But in general he loved his work on the range. He liked to tame outlaw horses, ride sign, and rope cattle, and apparently he liked still more to roam from ranch to ranch.

As he grew older the adventures he met became more serious. Doubtless Mr. James has in places touched up his materials a bit, and invented a little romance when his story seemed to lack it; but doubtless also his narrative is essentially true. In Canada he fell under suspicion of being a horse-thief. Fearing another sojourn in jail, he hastened with all speed out of the country, fording rivers, breasting storms, exchanging his jaded horse whenever he could for a fresh one, and giving a wide berth to strangers. The story of this breathless flight, which continued till he was over the Mexican border, is one of the most absorbing parts of the book. In the Southwest he found himself in a new world, and he frankly disliked the thorny mesquite, the dangerous longhorn cattle, the emphasis on roping, and the heat. He was treated roughly on a Southwestern ranch, where they gave him a string of outlaw horses to break and used him as an outsider; and his desire for revenge brought about a temporary downfall. He ran off several carloads of cattle from the ranch, taking them far north to a shipper. On his second trip, after various hairbreadth escapes, he got the cattle into the car—and then was caught; and despite the kindness of a sheriff, he was found guilty. The result was a term in the "big house," where as a child of the open spaces he felt the confinement more severely than did the town-bred convicts. In telling all this the author certainly extenuates nothing. But the penitentiary was after all only an episode. A few weeks after his release he was helping a gang of cowboys trap wild mustangs on the plains.

Naturally the subjective element in the book is small. It is a tale of adventure, and though a girl comes into the story now and then, Mr. James confines himself to the emotions of action. He did not mind hard knocks, he liked seeing different sides of life, and wherever he went he kept his eyes open.

In the end, the cowboy turns artist. From his earliest years, he had longed to draw, and had practised on what stray sheets of paper fell his way. As he grew more adept his work attracted notice. Finally he found himself earning fifty dollars for a drawing submitted for a rodeo poster. The war, a brief experience as cowboy rider for the movies, and a visit to a magazine editor somewhere on the west coast, all brought the real goal of his ambition nearer. Naturally, there is nothing in this story so interesting as the account of his life on the open range; but it is told with a reticence that reflects credit on Mr. James.

Altogether, it is a highly unusual book. The text alone would make it that, and the illustrations are a valuable addition to the text. Merely as a story, it will awaken the spirit of the boy in every adult male. But it is a great deal more than a mere story; it is a revelation of the continued existence in the West—down to 1914 at least—of much that most Americans supposed had forever passed away on our continent.

—The Book-of-the-Month Club.

A Diva of the Courts

AMERICAN GIRL. By JOHN R. TUNIS. New York: Brewer & Warren. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by S. L. THOMAS

WE started to read "American Girl" with little enthusiasm. We had a suspicion it was just going to be a book about sport, or a story of a game won in the ninth inning, or the last minute of play, or the fifth set. We were all wrong.

The title "American Girl" is rather unfortunate. It is too diffuse, covers too much territory, whereas the heroine, Florence Farley, with whom the book deals as child and young woman, is an individualized human being with a special life and a special soul of her own, and not just any American girl. The picture of her childhood is most vivid. An attractive, interesting, delicate little girl, she happens to show a particular aptitude for tennis playing. This determines her career. She becomes a tennis champion.

Mr. Tunis has done well to choose the background of sport. He is most at home in the world of sport, as we know from his various writings. But it is essential, in order to do justice to the book, to bear in mind that the author has used the knowledge of his specialty merely for the purpose of providing authentic and convincing settings. In all else he is purely the novelist with the artist's eye to the portrayal of his men and women and the unfolding of the life story of his heroine. He shows that he knows his men and women as well as he knows the technique of their profession.

Incidentally, through its setting, the novel contains what seems to me the most exciting description of a contest since "Bob, Son of Battle" won the Dalesman's Cup. But primarily "American Girl" is a tragedy, with Florence Farley as its pathetic heroine. Naturally, after she has grown to womanhood, her soul reactions, the direction of her emotions, the whole ensemble, in fact, which we call a person's character, is to a large extent determined by her career and the environment into which she is cast as a consequence. Insofar, what is true of Florence Farley would be equally true of anyone who is caught in the sports racket. But beyond that she is Florence Farley, not just a tennis champion. In her line she is a prima donna. Well then, how, for instance, does she react to her mother? Gradually, by natural stages, without violence, she throws off her mother's dominance with all the tact and poise and dignity of a well-bred daughter of a respectable family of New England stock. Mr. Tunis here displays a subtle art and an intuitive fidelity to realistic truth. The large effect is the same as with any temperamental, capricious diva, spoiled by success and the applause of crowded houses. She assumes dominance herself, but she does it without violence, with perfect dignity, and with the saving of all appearances.

The word muck-raking has gone out of fashion, but the thing itself has never been

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for the Month of August

so prevalent as it is now. Heaven knows there is need of it. Frankly, "American Girl" is muck-raking. We sometimes wonder whether the people who do the muck-raking are not in danger of covering themselves with the slime they are stirring up. Whatever may be true of others it is certainly not true of Mr. Tunis.

—*The Book League of America.*

Pirates of the Natchez Trace

THE OUTLAW YEARS. The History of the Land Pirates of the Natchez Trace. By ROBERT COATES. New York: The Macaulay Company. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by FERDINAND REYHER

THE Natchez Trace has become a main traveled literary highway, which is being worked harder today than it was by the banditti of a century ago. The present volume stars Big and Little Harpe, Samuel Mason, Joseph Thompson Hare, and John A. Murrell, the leading cutthroats of the old Indian trail which ran for half a thousand miles of canebrake from Natchez to Nashville. It adds nothing to Sabin and Robert or to the earlier works describing these gentry. When the author says "this book is designed for the general reader," one feels that he has sought rather to disarm criticism than to define a purpose. After a century of broadsides fired in periodicals, penny dreadfuls, and criminal anthologies at the general reader, and presumably hitting him, whoever he may be, one is inclined to query the author's sacred right to select his own premises, when they serve only to perpetuate the sentimentalities of crime without the expertness of the modern True Detective Story.

None of the figures in this book was as important in American life as any book which deals with them exclusively must imply. It is virtually impossible to star a villain and keep him from turning into a hero on one's hands. Yet they were important enough to warrant their place in frontier history being accurately established and their types specifically analyzed. Dunbar's matter-of-fact summary, incurious of detail as it is, gives a truer impression of the personal importance of the outlaws of the river and the Trace than this full-throated narrative. In the history of American travel the river pirates and the land robbers as such are worth exactly four pages out of fifteen hundred. And yet, paradoxically, Mr. Coates does them even less than justice in his three hundred pages. They were much more significant than his attempts to heighten them in a false bracketing of an era between given years. The outlaw years, whatever that may mean, did not begin in 1797 nor end in 1835. They ran from Jamestown to Chicago. And these men are important as manifestations of the trend of lawlessness, fear, hex, persecution complexes, and frontier sadism, which runs through American life as consistently as an historical principle.

It is as impossible to establish the number and the exact nature of the crimes they committed as it is to determine how many men Bat Masterson shot from Dodge City to Tombstone to Times Square. Cannier rogues there were who took the cash and let the credit go to these headliners. Their reputations battened on themselves. The Harpes were wilderness perverts, Jack the Rippers of the forest, and their orgiastic seizures make case histories for the study of frontier pathology. Skull bashers, disembowellers, decapitators, mutilators, they are a genial theme for the general reader. Mason was a wilderness Capone, an organizer of gangs who entered the field of murder through the booze racket. Hare fitted more in the tradition of English highwaymen, and his own literary gifts put all his subsequent biographers to shame. Murrell was a negro stealer. He was accused of organizing a Clan to free the slaves, which was the forerunner of the Klan to perpetuate their slavery, and from this aspect makes a pretty study in historical ironies.

The author follows Virgil A. Stewart, who claimed to have won Murrell's confidence on a three days' horseback ride to the point where that master mind divulged to him, a stranger, all the secrets of the Great Conspiracy, resulting in the execution of his whole Grand Council. Having swallowed Stewart, it is sad that Mr. Coates did not nibble at Jonathan Green, who expanded the Stewart method into a full-sized book, "Secret Band of Brothers," with an exposure of its constitution, flash language, and all the fee fi fum of ritual so dear to the heart of the American "jiner."

The credence in Murrell's so-called rebellion remains, however, one of the most striking manifestations of the great American fear. Murrell himself accomplished nothing as tragic as the Virginia Southampton riots of about the same time, but much more fully did the legend of his mystical empire let loose the rooted terror which haunted the whites of the black belt. It was a part of that great American fear which crept out of the wilderness of an unknown continent and touched the first settlers, which was kept alive by natives and wild animals, strange sicknesses and roving renegades, and all the haphazard perils of frontier existence, and which was immeasurably increased by the introduction of slavery, until it flamed into frenzy and sadistic reprisals whenever the night was disturbed by an unusual sound from the slave cabins.

In 1824, a planter who lived outside of Natchez in the heart of the hair-trigger South, spoke to Stephen Grellet of the prevalent fear of negro uprising:

> "I . . . never went out without being well armed; I . . . kept during the night my sword, pistols and gun close beside my bed side; the barking of a dog, or the rustling of the wind among the trees alarmed me . . ."

As for the actual writing of this book, it progresses from cliché to cliché.

> The man had the flat pale glance of a killer. His face loosened in that fatuous deprecative (?) grin that oils a man's mouth when he tells of his own triumphs. The valley was free to grow, to spread out, to expand in every direction, and people went about clapping each other on the shoulder, as if intoxicated with the limitless possibilities of the nation.

Mr. Coates is always formally picturing, only somehow there rarely is a picture. He attempts to create movement by the shifting of tenses and the animation of nature, but it is always on the outside and there is no more inner reality than in a dime novel. He uses Beer's trick of getting at a principal through a contemporary witness. It is a good trick if you can do it. The Natchez Trace, however, remains indistinct, away, untraceable.

The author's publishers have said that the author followed the Natchez Trace. It is the principal defect of this book that the Natchez Trace did not follow the author.

—*The Literary Guild.*

Colonel Gethryn's Deductions

THE LINK. By PHILIP MACDONALD. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $1.

Reviewed by WILLIAM C. WEBER

MR. MACDONALD is the author of "The Rasp," one of the best detective stories in the English language. "The Link," unfortunately, does not measure up to its famous predecessor. The body of Lord Grenville, shot through the head, is unceremoniously dumped into the hallway of a village inn. Grenville was outwardly respectable but had shady pages in his history, and several persons might have been gunning for him. Colonel Anthony Gethryn, who was, like so many of these English sleuths, taking a vacation in the next country house but one, gets into the case and in a very engaging manner proceeds to solve it. There are two gentlemen from North America in the story, one from the United States, the other from Canada, and a high light of the yarn is the amazing Americanese that Mr. MacDonald puts into the mouths of these characters. The fact that they are leading players in the drama makes their terrific linguistic lapses more regrettable. Perhaps that's the way the average English writer thinks American gangsters talk. Certainly Mr. MacDonald has illustrious precedents. But when an ex-racketeer talks about "aërating a Stetson," it is almost too much. Outside of the terrible Americans the characterizations are interesting, the deductions of Colonel Gethryn cleverly worked out, and the story moves at top speed—though this reader detests concluding appendices in which the detective sums up and explains.

—*The Crime Club.*

Making Her Way

A BARREL OF CLAMS. By SHIRLEY BERTON LESHER. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

LIKE "the Colonel's lady an' Judy O'Grady," the present-day tales intended for young girls standing on the brink of romance and those written for their mothers are "sisters under their skins." We remember imbibing with great ardor in our own youth the books of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, passed on to us from an elder generation, and as we recall such stories as "We Girls" and "Other Girls" their heroines seem to us to have been quite as eager to meet life and carve out their own destinies as is the Judy of this volume. To be sure, in at least one case, dire retribution in the form of a telegram running, "Come home; mother dying; no money" was visited on the daughter who had ventured from the home to make a career. But then, Miss Lesher's heroine, who, her publishers inform us, is herself in thin disguise, has the security of her island retreat violated by an insane man, a triumphant vindication of her family's unease in submitting to her desire to go into the solitude of Maine to write a story. And Mrs. Whitney's muslined and befrilled heroines and Miss Lesher's short-haired, overalled Judy alike go the way of all girl flesh in succumbing to the first handsome young man they see. "A Barrel of Clams," though it chronicles the doings of a girl who enjoys "the new freedom," runs true to the form of the tales of Victorian days.

Of its sort, it is a good story, with pleasing incident, attractive background, and enough interest in its narrative of hardship overcome and determination rewarded to carry the reader along agreeably. But we think the Guild does an injustice to the maturity of the upper reaches of the class of girls for whom it is intended by deeming this the kind of book they should be reading. And by that remark we mean no disparagement to "A Barrel of Clams," for we should say the same of Louisa Alcott's stories, of Susan Coolidge's, or of any books of the type. They are fit reading for girls between twelve and fourteen, but girls who have passed that age should be serving their novitiate in the field of adult literature instead of substituting what after all is pap for the good red meat of the classics. However, if you have a daughter, anywhere, we should say, between the ages of ten and thirteen (we lower the Guild's age limits at both ends), here is a pleasing tale for her about a girl who lived by her own ingenuity, discovering as she went along how to run her island shelter with the least expenditure of labor and money, making her money painfully but delightedly by dredging for clams and by lobster fishing, and capping her year's experience on the island by selling the story born of its incidents and promising to marry the man who had shared many of them.

—*The Junior Literary Guild.*

The Primitive North

OOD-LE-UK THE WANDERER. By ALICE ALISON LINDE and MARGARET ALISON JOHANSEN. Illustrated by RAYMOND LUFKIN. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by FELIX RIESENBERG

THIS is the story of the Eskimo boy, Ood-le-uk, and his wanderings across Behring Strait, far into Siberia, and the return to his people after three years of adventure.

"An Eskimo," says the author, "especially an Eskimo like Ood-le-uk of that Arctic land where Alaska juts out into the sea, called Behring Strait, above Onzebue Sound, must have no room in his heart for fear. In those barrens man must literally snatch his daily meat from the jaws of death." The story woven about him is concerned with the enormous major movements of the polar world, the long night, the terrific crash of a meteor, the great sea bergs, towering jewels of purest crystal set into the cobalt sea. It is a picture of mysticism, as felt by a boy, and makes the story an unusual and thrilling record.

Every once in a while I reread portions of Robinson Crusoe. Don't wonder why—it is just because I like to live again with Crusoe and Friday. In reading this book a similar feeling of interest came over me. It has an air of truth.

—*The Junior Literary Guild.*

The Defeated Dream On

BY THE WATERS OF MANHATTAN. By CHARLES REZNIKOFF. New York: Charles Boni Paper Books. 1930. 50 cents.

Reviewed by LEONARD EHRLICH

THIS is a variation on a *motif* of familiar and honorable usage: the dream a defeated generation cherishes for its children. Herein a family of Russian Jews toil, are trodden, know hunger for bread and learning; the more restless are gnawed unendurably, they cross an ocean on small ships and end in the New World sweat shops.

Sarah Yetta, archetypal helpmate, with a passion for knowledge, a mind sharp as a blade, and a sense of proportion, carries the slender thread of story through the book's first part, which is chiefly a relation of tribal activity. Genuineness is a strong quality here, but like much that is authentic in the craft of fiction, it is no certain stay against dulness. The Volsky tribe's endless changes in locale and the smallest details of their struggle for livelihood are set down with wearisome care. They loom great, of course, in the estate of Mr. Reznikoff's people, and their underemphasis would have distorted the flow and stature of their lives. But the objection is against literalness, the need is for a heightening touch. Here, chosen not at random but as typical, is a bit of the book's wearying way:

> It wasn't long before Sarah Yetta sent for Glazhdinsky's System of Cutting for Dressmakers and Tailors. The books and an instructor's lessons cost fifty roubles. But she was soon able to make dresses that fit. She also copied the patterns in any size for tailors and was paid fifty copeks each. This was easy money and cost her nothing but time, for the tailors furnished the paper. Here, it seemed to her, was a good business for her father, and she was eager to have him come home. he was quick and would have no trouble making the patterns. She now made house-dresses, too. This was much better than sewing linen. She was paid a rouble and a half for the cheapest dress and all it cost her was two copeks for thread. (She was paid twenty copeks for a skirt and the thread cost her six.) Things were beginning to look brighter.

Many passages of this kind constitute in the first part a factual edifice which for some readers may have an impressive cumulative effect; for others it doubtless will be merely soporific.

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However, in the midst of much that is merely circumstantial, a rare quality shows through—a sense of wonder, a kind of faint, fragile brightness. You will feel it in the portrait of grandfather Fivel, who was "only God's cashier" (who was he to hide His money when people were going about barefoot and hungry?); in the few chapters on the father's death, a recital of beautiful and moving simplicity; in the brief words upon a walk through city streets with dawn coming; in a fleeting scene where a weary boy goes to sleep in a dark hallway. See the magic in this kind of thing, the slow rich dignity: "How good the bread tasted! He studied the smooth brown upper crust and the thick under crust, white with flour. How good it was. He ate thankfully and understood how men have come to say grace."

The second part narrows to focus upon Sarah Yetta's boy, Ezekiel. "We are a lost generation," she has said, sadly watching young ones running home from school; "it is for our children to do what they can." Now it is Ezekiel's story, but her own tragedy remains implicit in his failure.

> It seemed to her that if only she had had time to read when she was young, she would have patterned her life on the wisdom of books and lived wisely and happily. So, time and again, she had spread a pattern carefully on cloth and cut others a garment that fit and was becoming. And yet her son with all the education so cheap in America, this blessed land—Sarah Yetta took up her long fork to turn the meat in the pot. As she lifted the cover the steam rose and gathered in a mist on her eyeglasses.

For Ezekiel, drawn inescapably toward a mate chasms removed from him in mind and ideal, the urgency of the flesh spells defeat. The immemorial propulsion brings him to compromise with his high, bright dream; there will be an end to it.

You will find flaws in "By the Waters of Manhattan." But as a whole work it is genuine and sensitive, with roots in actual living, and power to move.

—*July Paper Book.*

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Round about Parnassus

By William Rose Benét

ONE of the most important works of this week is English, "Macrocosmos," by James Laver, of which we heard something in London this Spring. "Macrocosmos" is beautifully brought out by Alfred A. Knopf in a limited and signed edition of five hundred copies. Its text is "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" The individual searches through the great modern city, in this case London, for the true wisdom and a working philosophy. The poem moves swiftly. It is, of course, not to be spoken of in the same breath with a creation like James Thomson's "The City of Dreadful Night," but it holds the attention, and its phantasmagoria does well convey the sense of the individual crushed under the macrocosm of a huge, bewildering metropolis. "You are too mighty for us, Behemoth!" cries the poet.

How can I ever hope to gain
Sight of your vastness? Down a drain
I slip, and take a train.
"Right down the car, please! Mind the gates!"
The human eddies meet and swirl. . . .

It terrifies the poet to know he never shall "See My Self steadily and see it whole." He emerges from the Underground, he wanders into Whitechapel, he finds "Devout men out of every nation under heaven." His Sense of Humor laughs at him, yet he cries out upon it "For it is only the devils that can laugh in Hell."

I will escape from this City
Before it is destroyed by fire from Heaven."

He passes an ex-Indian Colonel who tells him that he is now in South Kensington, and the poet asks himself whether he shall "take up the White Man's Burden and comfort myself with a Code."

I will be strong, without passion,
I will be just, without love,
And the mailed fist of dominion
Sheathed in a boxing glove.
I will make my body a bathroom
To keep my senses cool,
And my heart a well-swept highway,
And my soul a Public School!

he cries satirically.

But there seems to be no desert into which he can escape to leave behind "The packed and jangling traffic of my mind." Hyde Park and the Serpentine will not serve him. "A hundred clamorous tongues crowd in my ear." He is bewildered by them. A Moving-Picture Palace suggests to him a deeper irony. Then he becomes, as it seems to him, Adam. "But my soul moaned and said: 'I am lonely.'"

My ribs were melted with longing
For the birth of Desire,
For the new creation of Woman. . . .

Woman is there, hands him an apple divided in twain, and half is harlot. When he turns to her embrace she vanishes and the Solomon Eagle of old plague days, who is also John the Baptist, crowned with a pot of blazing coal, chants to him the burden of Babylon. The poet flees him, and suddenly is dream-tranced into Egypt, by the very Nile. He consults the sphinxes.

Then I said:
"I will dig in the Tombs of the Kings
That lie in the sands of my soul—
Deep, deep in the sands of the soul—
And spell out a script forgotten,
By the light of a single lamp,
In a chamber full of books
In the Bloomsbury of my mind."

It is the old escapist way. But a sword of lightning sweeps his heaven, the door-posts of his temple rock, he follows a Pillar of Fire, which grows into a comet and then into a star. He consults three old men concerning it, learns that they are the three Bearers of Great Gifts, myrrh and frankincense and gold, and finds himself in a vast cathedral where he suddenly falls down before an immaculate Madonna and prays her to succor him. His infant faith goes forward to her breast

But much remained behind.
And I stayed with it,
The poorer for a faith.

That gate is too narrow for him. He hears a step behind him and "saw a figure, tall and saturnine." The figure calls himself the Sacristan, and takes the poet up on the tower. Asked his identity he replies that he is incarnate intelligence. He is Lucifer. He tells how for æons he slept:

At last I stretched and awoke,
And, as I gazed about me,
Unity parted,
The single light grew double,
For I saw—and my seeing was deadly—
That Contrast is Life's existence,
Good is a term of comparison,
God casts the Devil's Shadow.
Then from my mouth a flaming sword shot out,
Lightnings leaped from my scabbard;
The sky cracked, for it could not contain me—
The Birth of Intelligence is called the Fall of the Angels.

Thereafter the poet is overcome by the weight of this conclusion. A great wheel turns before his eyes, its rim engraved with the word "Eternity." The wheel becomes a whirlpool and he is nearly sucked into it. He is plunged in the Dark Night of the Soul. Lucifer calls upon him to cast himself down, assuring him in a Biblical paraphrase that there is None to give His angels charge over him. The poet draws back and the spirit questions him concerning his love of life. If he loves his life so why does he not conform to the general fashion: eat, exercise, and live in bodily health and wisdom of the world? The dawn grows upon them as they talk and Lucifer, who prefers that name for himself, explains that he is also often spoken of as Partial Solution or Working Compromise. He offers the poet all the London now glittering beneath them in the dawn, if he will fall down and worship him.

But I looked away and remained silent,
Having nothing to answer,
And when I looked again
The Sacristan was beside me, in his old habit,
For a cloud had overshadowed the sun.

The poet escapes from him at last, is nearly killed in the traffic below, and, missing by an inch "the Heel of Death," suddenly sees himself in a flash as one and indivisible:

And London was no more
Macrocosmos,
But a microscopic cell in my own brain,
Two nerves intersecting.

He prays aloud to "catch at a Solution," and hears "an Angel from the top of St. Paul's crying a counsel, which partly is

Thou, O Man!
Look up and down, inward and round about,
And if, from thy experience of thyself,
Thou canst embrace in one huge clasp of Love,
The world of which thou art a puny speck,
The world as vast that is a part of thee,
And cry: "I love Myself, nor more, nor less
Than this huge dome, than this bestridden curb,
This three-haired wart upon my neighbor's neck,"
Thou hast attained, for one brief space at least,
The wisdom of the only God there is,
And for that moment thou art one with Him.

It is High Noon; and High Noon in the poet's heart. The poem ends with an ecstatic cry. . . .

It will be seen that this effort is chiefly interesting by reason of its transitions. It will also be seen that a good deal of it is poetic stereotype. The Blakeian apocalypse without the possession of Blake. As for the actual writing, episodes are remembered where language is forgot. The philosophic content, if so it can be called, is more than the words in which it is clothed. Moreover, the significance is blurred. We cannot but call the poem an interesting failure even though it seems to have been some six years in the writing.

Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, who is one of the leaders of a revolt against the Nationalist Government at Nanking, is the author of both a book of "Poems" and an "Autobiography." The latter is to be published in an English translation.

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MARY GOULD DAVIS

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A BAKER'S DOZEN

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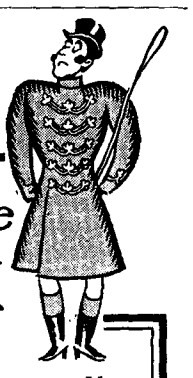

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A Letter from London

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

IF you were guided by our book advertisements, especially those in our two most important Sunday newspapers, you would imagine that there was a vast turnover in masterpieces, that not only were very good books coming out every day but that these good books were being bought in enormous numbers. The advertisements do not suggest that this is the quiet season. But both publishers and booksellers are admitting that things are very quiet indeed. So far, it has been a wretched year for the book trade. Less business and more taxes —and this has been our history in 1930— provide a poor outlook for the makers and sellers of books. I do not suppose for a moment, however, that fewer people in this country are reading books. One of the great puzzles here is to determine the relation between the sale of a book and its possible number of readers.

The very complicated library system in England makes it impossible to estimate how many people read a book. A writer may be very well-known and greatly esteemed by the general reading public here and yet have a sale that would seem contemptible to an American publisher. Very few English people buy books—so to speak—on principle, for the look of the thing. If they can beg, borrow, or steal books, they do. But it is a mistake to suppose that because English people do not buy books in great quantities, they are not interested in them. They seem to me to read books and talk about them just as much as Americans, Germans, and French do. And there is no doubt whatever that all our series of excellent cheap reprints of good books have proved a great success. That is worth remembering, when you see the paltry first sales of some good English author. A lot of people read the books in library copies, and then buy the cheap editions afterwards.

I have mentioned our two most important Sunday newspapers, the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times*. It is a significant fact that one or two of the new publishers, astute fellows like Victor Gollancz, almost confine their advertising to the literary pages of these two papers. The reason is simple: the influence of the Sunday papers has grown and grown year after year since the war. People have time to read on Sundays, and they are more ready to be impressed. I think the weekly reviews are as good as they were before the war, but their notices of books do not carry the same weight. The daily papers do not give the same space to book reviewing that they did twenty years ago and I imagine they have not the same influence upon readers. The result is that the two Sunday papers have it all their own way, and I suggest that American authors, interested in what is happening to their books in England, should look first for the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times*.

By the way, two first novels by young Americans have been getting a very good show in the reviews here lately: Faulkner's "Soldiers' Pay" and Thomas Wolfe's "Look Homeward, Angel." Both of them are what you might call "difficult" books, but the fact remains that they have both been highly praised, the first, certainly, rather beyond its deserts. I mention this because the legend still survives that English critics and reviewers do not give American work the consideration it deserves. It is true that some American reputations hardly survive the Atlantic voyage, chiefly because their work can never have the same appeal here. (Thus, the fame of Dreiser is a mystery to me, though I would never dream of deriding the reputation he has among his own people, who understand his background.) It is quite obvious how these things work out. For example, Sinclair Lewis jumped into the limelight on your side with "Main Street," which was fiction conjured into magnificent journalism. He arrived here with "Babbitt," in which he really created something. English readers do not care a fig about the Middle West, but they do like a character, and Sinclair Lewis provided them with one, along with a good deal else that was admirable, and so they took him to their hearts.

It is not a long journey from Sinclair Lewis to H. G. Wells, and the latter has just brought out a new novel, "The Autocracy of Mr. Parham," a fantastic tale of an Oxford don (a satirical sketch and a little out of date) who becomes a dictator. As is usual with Wells now, the realities of science and big business are opposed to pedantic and sentimental posturings, and the result is a very stimulating concoction, which has one or two big scenes (including a terrific naval battle between England and America) in the best Wellsian vein. But it remains a concoction. Wells is no longer interested in fiction (though he finds it worth while to remain on publishers' lists as a novelist); he is only interested in ideas; and he wants to compromise. The result is something that seems to me to miss its mark either way. The fiction spoils the ideas, and the ideas spoil the fiction. This fatal attempt to disguise sociological-political treatises as fiction has, in my opinion, ruined Wells's work this last ten years. His mind is as lively as ever, and he can still write like an excited angel of narrative when he wants to; there is not the least suggestion of the tired, bored, elderly man of letters about him; but he will persist in pretending to be a novelist when he no longer has any genuine impulse to create fiction. I welcome his pills and I like his jam, but I have a distaste for the pill in the jam. This does not mean that "The Autocracy of Mr. Parham" is a bad book. It isn't. It is good fun and it is Wells; but it isn't good Wells.

Conan Doyle was a busy man all his life, and now that he is dead, he seems to be busier still. Apparently he is giving messages to mediums all over the world, and in addition to that, he has already been a spectral chairman at a colossal spiritualists' meeting at the Albert Hall. On that occasion, it was revealed, he was in full evening dress, so evidently there are tailors and outfitters and laundries beyond the grave—a solemn thought. I have been interested to observe how the general reading public here (the non-spiritualist part of it) has mourned him. He was able, as some greater writers were not, to engage the affections of the public. I suppose that was chiefly Sherlock Holmes, the grandfather of a bewildering host of eccentric geniuses of detection. Conan Doyle was undoubtedly a born yarn spinner of an authentic if boyish kind. His best work, and the work he preferred himself, was his semi-historical fiction, and at the head of that I would put "Micah Clarke," his story of the Monmouth Rebellion, and "Rodney Stone," a tale of the Regency pugilists and dandies. Conan Doyle was himself a "tall man of his hands," and the fights in "Rodney Stone" are the real thing. I read it again, the other night, after many years, and it still seemed a piece of good, sound tale-telling and a better job of work in fiction than many a pretentious novel I could name. The man himself was a fine, simple-hearted fellow, of whom never a bad word was spoken, and whether he is resting quietly in the grave or rushing round to all the spiritualists' meetings in ghostly evening dress, we should wish him well.

For years after Turgeniev's death it was rumored in the literary circles of Paris that the literary heritage left by the great Russian novelist to his friend, Madame Pauline Viardot, was vast and valuable. André Mazon, distinguished Professor of Slavonics in the Collège de France, entrusted with the care of these priceless remains, has recently completed his long studies of them. A book by him, published by the French Institute in Petersburg, reveals the results of his labor and contains a complete list of Turgeniev's posthumous works, amounting to nearly one hundred and fifty items. Among them are drama, several complete stories, numerous sketches and outlines of novels and stories worked out in detail but unfinished, and thirty-three "Poems in Prose." The "Poems," similar in form and equal in beauty to those already known, have been published in Paris in an excellent French translation by Charles Salomon. Other works of Turgeniev are to be published soon.

"Someone," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "who has been interviewing Mr. G. B. Burgin, the truly 'veteran' novelist, who is now at work on his 102nd novel, has discovered that he never forgets any of his extensive work, and, on being given one of his earliest titles, can instantly supply an outline of the book's plot. This seems to have surprised the interviewer, though surely one would expect a writer to retain a general impression of the work which he must have labored to achieve. However, there have been instances to the contrary. George Sand was perhaps the most notable, for she composed and wrote with such extraordinary ease and fluency that a year or two afterwards she had forgotten all about her own tales and could read them with as much interest as if they had been written by someone else. One often hears about people who write to please themselves, but few of them manage the process with such complete success as George Sand."

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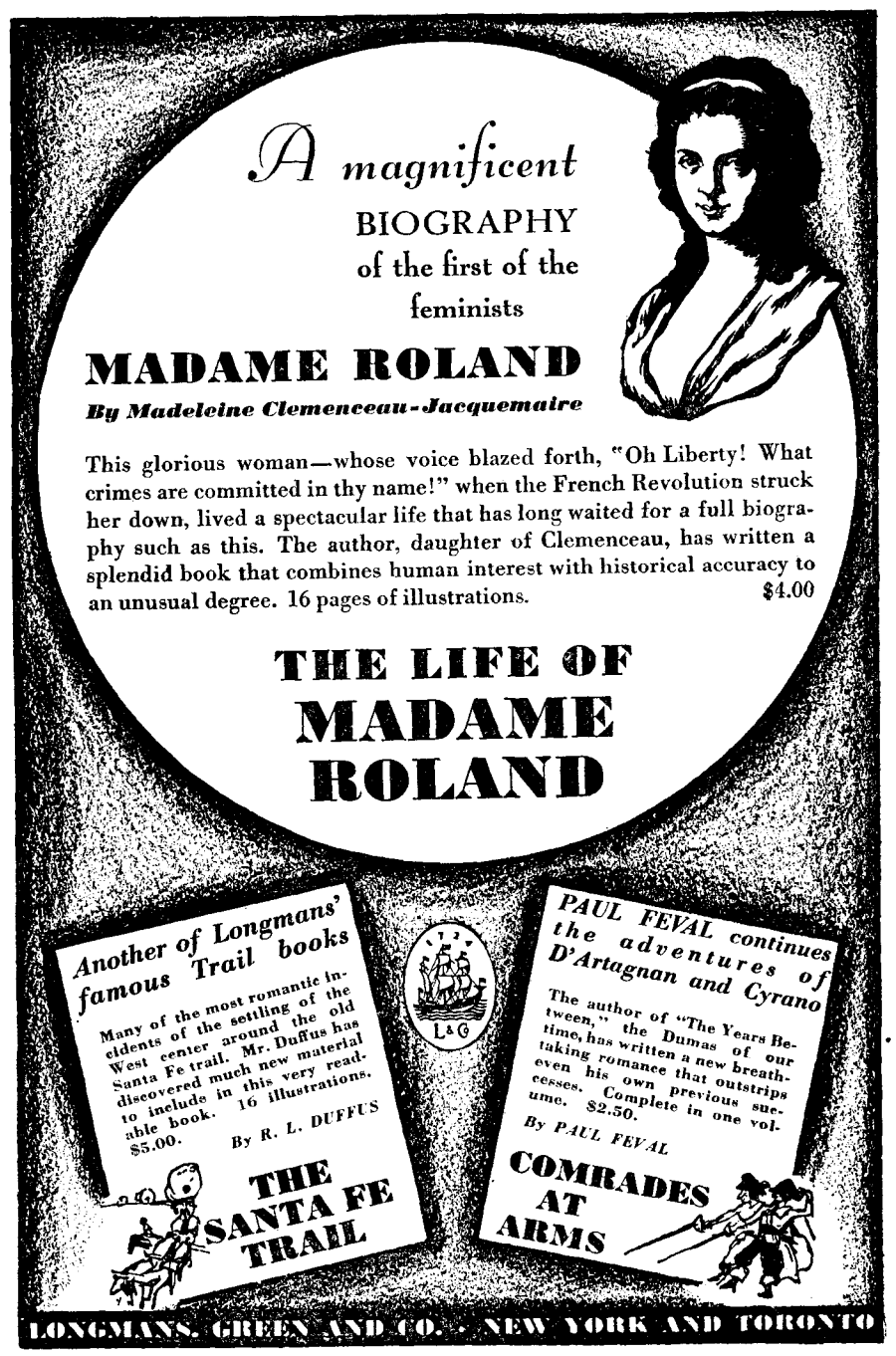
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Points of View

Literary Economy

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Search through American literary history, you will not find for study a better controversy than the one now occurring between the massed humanists and their coalition of enemies. Notoriously we are not given to group controversies and conscious movements. Poe fought his Frogpondians practically singlehanded. There have been disputes over individual books or authors, as over Henry James. But the debate between humanists and anti-humanists is unique in our history for being a widespread clash between opposing literary parties. By a great stretch, one exception to this statement might be made: the surge forward between 1914 and 1920 of the present ruling generation. In retrospect, however, the cohorts of Mencken, Brooks, Frank, Bourne, *et alia*, seem to have overrun an evacuated country. Only Stuart Sherman put up a fight, a rearguard action, and he quickly changed his views and joined the newcomers. Whatever triumph the now middle-aged generation scored around 1920 was over a kind of petrified conservatism, a genteel culture that was badly led, lacking in first rate ideas, maintained purely by prejudice, a conservatism that had lost its life principle. Thus it was in reality a hollow victory for the new progressive minds. I do not need to emphasize how different is the present clash between the revived, adequately led, well-armed conservatism known as humanism and the veterans of the romantic-humanitarian revolt of 1920.

We have the opportunity, then, of observing American criticism in a state of unusual agitation and noting certain things about it that in more peaceful times are not thrown into relief. Such as: rampant stupidity and vulgarity among the lesser literary journalists; the illiberalism of the younger liberals who in regard to humanism have shown very little of the inquisitiveness, tolerance, and undogmatic temper which marked a really distinguished liberal like Herbert Croly; the pronounced tendency of the fledgling writers to cry each other up before the humanist onslaught, to form a new league of the mediocre, when the natural state of literary youth is an almost comic severity toward the members of its own generation. But these are minor observations.

Much the most important thing to note is the wanton mismanagement so far of the whole controversy. This is a criticism of our sense of literary economy, by literary economy being meant the exploitation and administration of *all* our current resources for the production of a *milieu* most favorable for literary genius. Literary economy precedes literary politics or the interpretation of phenomena in the field of letters. Economy in literature is concerned with such matters as accuracy and speed of circulation of ideas, standards for debate, thoroughness with which a subject is handled, etc., without regard to one's personal decisions on the issues involved. It thinks in terms not of a party but of all parties insofar as they go to make up a *milieu*. It serves the interests of the total literary environment which exists for the nutriment of all kinds of writers.

Now it is perfectly clear that literary politics (in no invidious sense of the word politics) is flourishing in the present controversy, but have we any literary economists at all, any men who first try to ascertain what of enrichment or filling for gaps the humanists bring into our *milieu?* I think we have no literary economy because there is no broad view taken of the future of American letters. In a perfect national literature there would be found the best specimens of all the principal permanent schools of writing. Men will always be naturalistic, humanistic, and religious. A literature lacking vital representation of any of these types is an incomplete literature. Furthermore, the requirement is that each of these should reach its highest point. It does not follow that they are of the same importance: the argument is for a *complete* hierarchy of forms and schools and experiences. Just as Nietzsche insisted that a god should partake of the nature of a satyr, and Carlyle regretted that there was no Falstaff in Jesus, so we may say a literature should not stop short of the full breadth and height of life itself. We may insist that its conservative and progressive elements are of equal value to it and rejoice at any growth in real strength that occurs in either.

I said above that literary economy had for one of its non-partisan concerns the standard of debate. Some interesting research could be undertaken along that line in the controversy to date over humanism. My own conclusion is that a standard for debate is almost non-existent in our country. No noticeable care at any rate, was taken by many of the anti-humanists to make certain that their statement of the humanist position which they proposed to assault should be one that even the humanists would be forced to concede was correct. There was no great cleanliness in the methods of attack. Literally anything passed as an argument. Yet of course it need not be so. The romantic case in the past has been presented on a high plane, and is still today—in England. The standard of controversy observed by Murry, Fausset, Read, and Chesterton, who in England have written on humanism, puts our countrymen to shame.

Finally, literary economy has an eye for the untouched or unexhausted areas of a controversy. Such areas certainly exist in the program of humanism, and principally between humanism and religion. Most of the fighting has been on the humanitarian and romantic sectors. Only the Catholic intellectuals, T. S. Eliot and Allen Tate, have stirred the issues that cluster about the humanist view of religion. Yet it is just here, in my judgment, that the heart of the whole controversy beats. Here it is that the problem of the Will advanced by the humanists becomes really poignant and personal. The next phase of the discussion, I believe, will start from a religious critique of humanism. If it does, it will go far towards satisfying the demand of literary economy for the thorough ventilation of a major topic of the times.

GORHAM B. MUNSON.
New York, N. Y.

Vermont Folksongs

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

In connection with the study of the early music of the State, the committee for the Conservation of Vermont Traditions and Ideals wishes to collect as many as possible of the folksongs that have been handed down orally from earlier periods. Can you tell us of any persons who like to sing such songs, so that we, who like to hear them, can get together?

Also, who are the fiddlers in your region who still call the dances and play without notes? We are finding there are many people both in and out of Vermont who like this kind of music and we think they deserve to have it in book form, available also as incidental music in pageants and plays. Let's find out what is our heritage.

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"Due To"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In reply to Mr. Douglas Bush, I hasten to bear one man's testimony that the adverbial use of "due to" always grates on me; and that my feeling was that "due to" must properly be adjectival, while "owing to" may be either adjectival or (usually better) adverbial, even before I found the distinction laid down in Fowler's books. Webster's Dictionary does not recognize adverbial use of either "due to" or "owing to"; but this, of course, is a carelessness of Webster's. But it is true that one now sees adverbial "due to" so often as to set one wondering how soon an innovating usage, conflicting with the usage of the mass of English literature, can begin to call itself good usage because so many respectable people have joined in dumping it into the English language. To one reader, recent writing is a small part of the observed body of English literature; to another reader, recent writing is the main part of the observed body; the two must judge differently a case where a new use violates the canons of old use. The recent movement to change "any one," etc., to "anyone," etc., raises the same question.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.
Ballard Vale, Mass.

Riding to a Fall?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Apropos of Mr. Foerster's novel humanism, sired by Babbitt and damned by Beard, may I remark, as an old humanist, that the mechanists are in the saddle, but it is made of imitation leather (Formula BX8614), is on an electric horse, and—they are riding to a fall.

PORTER GARNETT
Pittsburgh, Pa.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

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ENGLISH PRESENT AND PAST. By *Janet Rankin Aiken*. Ronald. $3.

MANUAL FOR GOOD READING. By *John M. Manly, Edith Rickert,* and *Nina Leutrie*. Scribners. First Year: 28 cents. Second Year: 28 cents. First Year and Second Year, 40 cents.

WATER AND AIR. By *Morris Meister*. Scribners. $1.08.

READING FOR APPRECIATION. By *William E. Grady* and *Paul Klapper*. Scribners. $1.08.

HOOSIER RHYMES AND READINGS. By *Virgil Ray Mullins*. Fowler, Ind.: Benton Review Shop.

A FIRST BOOK ABOUT CHAUCER. By *Dorothy Martin*. Dutton. 85 cents.

A FIRST BOOK ABOUT SHAKESPEARE. By *Dorothy Martin*. Dutton. 85 cents.

MAN AND SOCIETY. By *Francis J. Haas*. Century.

HORACE FOR ENGLISH READERS. Translated by *E. C. Wickham*. Oxford University Press.

READINGS IN PSYCHOLOGY. By *Raymond Holder Wheeler*. Crowell. $3.75.

DEUTSCHLAND VON HEUTE AND GESTERN. By *O. S. Fleissner* and *E. W. Fleissner*. Crofts. $1.75.

SHORT STORIES OF YESTERDAY. Edited by *F. H. Pritchard*. Crofts. 80 cents.

HEATH MANUAL OF THE LITERATURE OF ENGLAND. By *Irving Garwood*. Heath.

Fiction

THE FLYING CROMLECH. By HUGH DE BLACAM. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

Mr. de Blacam confesses, according to his publishers, that "The Flying Cromlech" was "intended to be a best seller, but degenerated into a work of art." His conscience is too sensitive, and his sin less heinous than he thinks. But it is a harmless, pleasantly written story, which the author evidently enjoyed, and which some of his readers will enjoy too. A young Irishman falls in love at sight with an Irish girl he meets in Paris; they part before he learns her name, and his only clue to her identity is a picture of her home on a hillside, with a cromlech behind it. Thereupon he hunts her by the simple expedient of looking at every cromlech in Ireland, which gives Mr. de Blacam a chance to cash in on what are evidently reminiscences of a walking trip.

Many things happen and much Gaelic poetry is interpolated (in translation) before our hero finds his girl; and the perspicacious reader is given one guess as to where he finds her. Mr. de Blacam has a proper, upstanding love of his country, its religion, and its traditions; readers of alien race and faith will at least enjoy his descriptions of landscape and the anecdotes with which the story is besprinkled.

I LIVED THIS STORY. By BETTY WHITE. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $1.

The best thing about this novel is its analysis of the disillusionment that creeps upon most of our intelligent college students. Though Miss White has, to be sure, given an unjustifiably lurid tone to her document, its underlying spirit is on the side of truth. No one who has had, over the past decade, a sympathetic contact with undergraduates will deny that the better specimens are almost without exception disaffected with college life. The reasons for this attitude are many and varied; to suggest them is not our present concern. It is sufficient to note that Miss White feels this disaffection keenly and wishes to show its causes and effects. Furthermore, she has sharp eyes, enabling her to report many details of academic life with both accuracy and spirit.

A note on the jacket of the novel states that Miss White attended Northwestern, and her references to Chicago, to the shore of Lake Michigan but a step from the campus, give the impression that she is writing with Northwestern in mind. Certainly, the coeducational atmosphere is middle Western rather than Eastern. But underneath the sorority hocus-pocus that Miss White records so extensively, there is much that will be familiar to college students and college teachers everywhere. A good deal of what she has to say is worth anyone's attention; parents, especially, might get a hint of some of the hazards in store for their youngsters.

Readers must keep in mind, however, that Miss White's representation of these hazards is true only as she tells of what kind they are; she errs in her suggestion of how serious they are. She exaggerates, for instance, the difficulties of an intelligent person's being fairly contented during the four years. Most students learn to compromise; they get onto the ropes, build up resources of satisfaction much more quickly than Dorinda Clark, the central character of the novel, seems to be able to. Dorinda is unusual in being quite without a subsoil from which she can draw nourishment; she takes no root whatsoever, and her unhappiness and lack of restraint must be counted not wholly to the discredit of her college.

As a story the novel is tolerable, but little better; it has, for its chief fault, a tendency towards sensationalism. Miss White has a good deal of facility but little power to weave the strands of her narrative into an effective whole. She gives in pretty ignominiously to convention in the management of her love affair and in her conclusion; leaving campus material, she is not at her best. Her book, however, won the Doubleday, Doran-*College Humor* Campus Novel prize of $3,000.

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY: The Heroic Deeds of Gargantua and Pantagruel, by *François Rabelais* (2 vols.); Laocoön, etc., by *Gotthold Ephraim Lessing,* translated by *W. A. Stiel;* Heimskringla, by *Snorre Sturlason,* translated by *Samuel Laing;* Peregrine Pickle, by *Tobias Smollett* (2 vols); Shorter Novels, Jacobean and Restoration; Bevis, by *Richard Jefferies;* Moll Flanders, by *Daniel Defoe;* American Short Stories of the Nineteenth Century, edited by *John Cournos*. Dutton. 80 cents a volume.

Juvenile

THE THING IN THE ROAD. By TRENTWELL MASON WHITE. Marshall Jones. 1930. $1.50.

We contend that if boys are to be fed mystery-detective stories, they should be of the best, for on that road the grade to Avernus is rather steeper than on most. This concoction—it is not well enough knit to call a story—concerns Phil Anston who went to visit an uncle and stayed to uncover the doings of a dope gang. Phil, unfortunately, is not lovable, being but a mechanism who asks pert questions and fires a revolver when necessary. We do not complain about the hound of the Baskerville sort of dog, the annual ghost, the caves, pistol shots, anonymous warnings, and so forth; such properties, while not new, are only natural to a locality named Hellhole Hill. But we are amazed at the lack of character delineation, the jumpy series of events, half of them without cause, and the cheapness of the whole thing, especially as the book appeared as a serial in a Boston boys' magazine. Nobody need read this book, but everybody should ponder the omen of its being printed for boys. For in the old days when books were books and not mere units of a production-consumption cycle, like automat omelets, so crude a hodge-podge of so-called action as this could never have found a publisher we are sure.

Poetry

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB. By REBECCA MCCANN. Second Series. Covici, Friede. 1930. $2.

Brief verses adorned with pictures of cherub and dog in various moods and attitudes. Amusing remarks about life done up in several small packages. The Cherub is quite charming.

THE NATURAL YEAR: JUNE. By *Frederick Edwards*. New York: White.

IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. By *Joseph Easton McDougall*. Dutton. $2.

LITTLE GEMS FOR EVERYBODY. By *Angie L. Lenz*. Knickerbocker Press.

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POEMS. Edited by *Louis Wann, Allison Gaw,* and *Roy T. Thompson*. University of Southern California. $1.25.

FIRST POEMS. By *Philip Henderson*. Dutton. $1.50.

FORSYTHIA. Vinal. $2.

Religion

THE FOOLISHNESS OF PREACHING. By ERNEST FREEMONT TITTLE. Holt. 1930. $2.

The sermons and addresses presented in this book are selected from those which Dr. Tittle has found most effective in his ministry at Evanston, where he shepherds a student flock and is not without abundant honor. They are marked by a note of uncommon courtesy. This virtue, to be sure, is more to be admired by sinners than by saints, but then the traditional business of the preacher is to save the lost. One is impressed by the fairness of the author's mind, the genuineness of his sympathies, and the winsomeness of his personality as it energes from the written word. With all the admiration certain vigorous ministers profess to have for ancient prophets in camel's hair, the fact remains that the minister today must be a gentleman rather than an orator and must summon rather than commend men to righteousness. Dr. Tittle is splendidly aware of his age. His sermons are chaste and civilized—not fastidious, for they lack the polish one finds in the works of clerics who have grown excessively literary-conscious. But they have the charm of thoughtful approach and decisive utterance. There are ministers who write better but few who exemplify any better the graces of charitable and Christian thinking.

THE GOSPEL FOR MAIN STREET. By CHARLES R. BROWN. Century. 1930. $2.

Charles R. Brown, dean emeritus of the Yale Divinity School, is a preacher's preacher. It is doubtful if piety will ever have a more dexterous advocate. He has made, in the course of his venerable ministry, a painstaking yet buoyant study of the art of preaching—has, in fact, written a book on the subject—and his sermons move along such precise lines with such obvious grace that one is aware chiefly of the smoothness of his craftsmanship. The title sermon of his recent collection, "The Gospel for Main Street," has all the elements of his customary ingenuity. Main Street, the Doctor says, stretches around the world. He takes as his text what he calls a short story from the New Testament—the incident of the woman of ill fame who washed the feet of the Nazarene with her tears in the house of the publican—and proceeds to compare and contrast the attitudes which Main Street and Jesus take toward her sin. All of the sermons — notably those on "The Average Man," "My Brother's Keeper," "Where Do We Go From Here?" and "His Last Will" are in the language and imagery of the masses. One reads them with admiration and wants to call Dr. Brown the Jolly Dean.

THE SOCIAL AIMS OF JESUS. By *Charles Henry Dickinson*. Smith. $2.50 net.

WRESTLERS WITH GOD. By *Clarence E. Macartney*. Smith. $2 net.

PORTRAITS OF THE PROPHETS. By *J. W. G. Ward*. Smith. $2.50 net.

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THE PROTESTANT ETHIC AND THE SPIRIT OF CAPITALISM. By *Max Weber*. Translated by *Talcott Parsons*. Scribners. $3.

THE RELIGION OF JOHN BURROUGHS. By *Clifford H. Osborne*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

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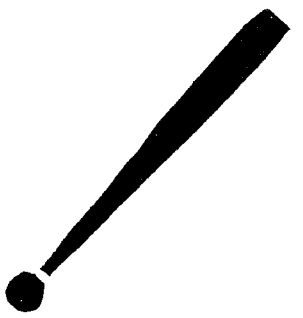

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The Girl Friend

MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIÈRES. Illustrated by ALBAN B. BUTLER, JR. New York: Privately printed. Press of the Woolly Whale. 1930.

MADEMOISELLE, the lady from Armenteeres (to give it the universal A. E. F. pronunciation), little friend of all the American doughboys, as she had previously been of the English army, has waited long for this attempt at rehabilitation. That it is a good attempt does not make it a successful one: Mademoiselle is not likely to supersede Queen Victoria or The Five Little Peppers as a model of propriety suitable for young ladies' finishing schools. No, she is hard boiled and déclassée—but what's the use, one should have a complete command of the current argot to talk about the lady. And after all, much of what has been said, and said inimitably, is in this book.

The Press of the Woolly Whale has been for a long time collecting the verses which here appear, and has asked for versions of the poem from many persons. If you don't find your particular favorite in the list, send it in to the publisher at 216 East 45th Street, New York City, and if enough verses of authentic quality are received, he pledges himself to print an appendix and send a copy to contributors.

But don't ask him for a copy of the present volume. Only 250 copies have been printed, for private circulation, and all distributed, in May, 1930. The printing is done in French type on French paper, and the illustrations by Mr. Butler (who knew his doughboys) are a gorgeous part of the book. It is a stout little volume bound in red and black, and that it will be highly treasured by those fortunate enough to get hold of a copy goes without saying. We congratulate the proprietor of the Woolly Whale for making a dull publishing season lively. R.

A Hazlitt Reprint

THE FIGHT, AN ESSAY. By WILLIAM HAZLITT. Introduction by ROBERT H. DAVIS. Woodstock, Vt.: The Elm Tree Press. 1929.

IT is too bad that this book misses being good. It starts off well, with a good reproduction of an old English print of a prize fight, nicely hand colored: the title-page begins well and then slumps: and the text is exasperatingly done by hand in a poor and quite inappropriate type face. The opportunity was here to do a very fine little piece of "period" printing—an opportunity which I think the printers realized. But hand and brain were not paired, and the chance was lost.

Lovers of Hazlitt will want the item—for they will not let the above criticism stand in their way—which is reprinted from its first appearance in book form, in the collected remains of 1836. One thousand copies have been printed. R.

Money

TREATISE ON THE POWER OF MONEYS. By GABRIEL BIEL. Translated by ROBERT BELLE BURKE. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1930. $2.50.

THIS volume is printed in a reminiscent manner, from round black-letter and Goudy's Italian Old Style types. In form and execution it merits commendation, despite the unfortunate attempt (almost always unfortunate) to use black-letter capital letters in complete words and lines. But on the whole it is a successful piece of work, and the side notes in color are effective. R.

The Virginia Plutarch

THE VIRGINIA PLUTARCH. By PHILIP ALEXANDER BRUCE. Chapel Hill, N. C.: University of North Carolina Press. 1929.

AN excellent piece of sound bookmaking has been achieved by the University of North Carolina Press in these two substantial volumes. The binding alone is not quite satisfactory, being a bit too trivial for the importance of the text.

A very good linotype Scotch Roman face has been selected for the text—one of the most readable and best designed of all machine book faces for such utilitarian purposes as biography. A rag paper has been used (in the autographed edition under review) and there are few or no eccentricities to mar the pages.

The portraits and other pictures are printed by offset or gelatine, and it cannot be too often emphasized that these methods are far ahead of half-tones. It is unfortunate that the plates are "skied" unnecessarily on the pages.

In a more sober binding these volumes would be admirable. R.

Metaphysical Verse

CIRCUMFERENCE. Varieties of Metaphysical Verse. Edited by GENEVIEVE TAGGARD. New York: Covici-Friede. 1929.

POETRY is so often printed in small, mean, and obscure type that it is good to see a volume of verse treated with some deference! Miss Taggard's anthology has been printed in a good and readable size and kind of type, with ample margins, on good paper. If it is not asking too much, may we suggest the advisability of using gold stamping on dark colored material? Gold on white or cream cloth or vellum is usually impossible to make out at a distance of a foot from the backbone, and therefore is annoying. But good verse set in twelve point or bigger is its own reward. R.

Newly Bedizened

LALLA ROOKH, AN ORIENTAL ROMANCE. By THOMAS MOORE. Illustrated by BEN KUTCHER. New York: The Dial Press. 1930.

THIS edition of Moore's poem is distinctly in the gift book class, from its ornamental cover (not the worst part of it) to its illustrations. The latter are of that constant succession of fairly competent designs which leave one wondering why they have been made at all. "Oriental" in *motif*, too full of details, and those often jumbled, they look as if they had suffered severely from excessive reduction to make them fit the page. For the rest, so many galleys of linotype slugs divided off into pages do not make a book of any distinction. There seems to me little reason for such humdrum printing. But perhaps the people who like to buy standardized cigarettes, sandwiches, flash lights, and cosmetics all in the same corner store will be attracted to it. R.

Burr and His Daughter

CORRESPONDENCE OF AARON BURR AND HIS DAUGHTER THEODOSIA. With a Preface by MARK VAN DOREN. New York: Covici-Friede. 1929.

THIS is a well enough printed volume, done in linotype Caslon type, and printed on very flexible, mellow paper, with careful attention to presswork. But that it fulfils all of the claims made for it by its over enthusiastic publishers is doubtful at least. They call it proof that "modern machinery can produce books that are practically perfect." Well, perhaps modern machinery can, but the point which this book proves is that modern machinery *alone* is helpless—more helpless than old fashioned and simpler tools. For the present volume has a very bad title-page, the stamping on the backbone is hardly legible, the frontispiece is an ordinary half-tone, and there is a fatuous colophon. Rather than this "perfection" we prefer the crudities of imperfect tools! R.

Leda—And Eric Gill

LEDA. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. Engravings by ERIC GILL. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929.

TO print the thin, attenuated type of Didot, and the metalic woodblock of Eric Gill, on thick, spongy, laid paper seems to me to violate the principles of true book making, even when the modern machine permits of considerable crispness in the presswork. I suspect the publishers: they do love to have books "bulk" well. (Here is a serious difference of requirement if not of opinion

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between the book seller and the book buyer. The seller wants a book which looks impressive and worth the price: the buyer needs to conserve shelf space. Who wins? Why the seller, of course. *Caveat emptor.*) So it would have been pleasanter to see Gill's work—which is too precious to mishandle—printed on smooth, wove paper. What is now very skilfully handled would then come into its own legitimate perfection. R.

A History of Paper Making

PAPERMAKING THROUGH EIGHTEEN CENTURIES. By DARD HUNTER. New York: Willima Edwin Rudge. 1930. $17.50.

ALL too infrequently do we have opportunity to welcome an addition to the books which really are needed. Updike's "Printing Types" and McKerrow's "Introduction to Bibliography" are the two recent outstanding instances of such books, and now we have Mr. Hunter's work on paper making which fills a really long felt want. For it has been difficult to find in any one book or even in several, the data about paper making which, in respect to type and printing, has measurably been provided. Monographs on special mills or times have been published, but no general history has been available.

Mr. Hunter is probably best qualified of any one in this country to write such a book. He is not only a student of the craft, but best of all he is an able paper maker himself, having worked at the vat, and having also printed, in type made by himself, a shorter treatise called "Old Papermaking." The present volume is a result, then, of researches into the theory and history of paper making, of actual experience, and of collecting through many years, old tools, materials used in the making of paper, and the literature of the subject.

This volume deals with the bibliography of the subject, with appliances, methods, and materials from the earliest times to about 1800 (when modern methods began to predominate), with the evolution of the mould —"the principal tool of the ancient makers of paper," with watermarks, characteristics of old paper, and Sir William Congreve's attempts to prevent counterfeiting. The illustrations are profuse—two hundred and fourteen are listed, consisting of title-pages, tools, operations, watermarks, portraits, etc.

There is no bibliography, strictly speaking. In place of one, Mr. Hunter has provided a long chapter, amply illustrated, on early writers. This will provide the collector with a guide to the assembling of books on the history of paper making, and it provides good reading—which a bibliography does not!

The origin of paper making goes back, like so many of our crafts, to the Orient, but, unlike printing, there is a clearly recognized transition from East to West. The first paper was made from mulberry bark (used today by the natives of the South Sea Islands for their "tapa," which closely resembles oriental paper), but the Chinese, who taught the art to the Arabs, made use of linen rags because no mulberry was available in Samarkand. From the Arabs the West learned to make paper. Incidentally it is interesting to note that the first paper made in the East was made on cloth molds, which produced a *wove* sheet: the *laid* sheet, which we are wont to think of as older, came in later when bamboo molds took the place of cloth.

Paper making is an old craft, and in the eighteen hundred years of its practice it is inevitable that practically all varieties of material and of procedure should have been tested. By the time the industrial revolution came to change old ways, little, apparently, remained to learn about the details of the craft. But, more stubborn than hand printing, hand making of paper still continues in Asia and Europe. No machine-made paper can ever hope to possess the peculiar qualities which give handmade paper its charm. And it is interesting to note that Mr. Hunter has recently set up a mill in northwestern Connecticut, where within thirty miles of the site of the last handmade paper mill in America (torn down only a year or two ago) he proposes, with the aid of English workmen to reëstablish the craft in this country. In connection with his mill, which is housed in a fine stone building of some antiquity, he will have a museum where he will bring together the appliances and materials of paper making.

The present volume has been adequately printed by Mr. Rudge. Quite fittingly the paper is an excellent grade of wove formation, mellow and pleasant in tone and surface. The type is Granjon, the illustrations are in offset. The only criticism we have to suggest is that in some instances, as in the case of old molds, the detail is not as good as one could wish. The presswork is good, and the binding is stoutly done in buckram.

We commend this volume as one which should be in the possession of all printers and book collectors. It is a volume of very considerable importance, not likely to be soon superseded, and the pictorial material here assembled is unique. R.

A bibliography of American travel, originally begun in 1910 by Dr. Max Farrand, is now being completed by a committee appointed by the American Historical Association headed by Professor Solon J. Buck of the University of Minnesota. The bibliography is planned to cover all works of travel or description relating to continental United States from 1600 to 1900, except such as treat primarily of physical conditions or of a single locality.

The original work on the task was performed for several years by Dr. Farrand.

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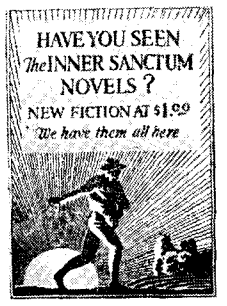

TO-DAY IS THE DAY

To publish a book like *I Am Jonathan Scrivener* at any price would be an event: good stories are rare enough these days, rarer still are mystery stories with thrilling philosophical implications.

To publish it at two dollars or two-fifty [it is 382 pages long] would be Sound Business, and a good thing, too—but without the tang and adventure of A Drastic Experiment.

To publish it at One Dollar is *News*.

To publish it as the first of *The Inner Sanctum Novels* heralding a series of seven full-length one-dollar novels by ARTHUR SCHNITZLER, THAMES WILLIAMSON, J. P. MCEVOY, FELIX SALTEN, JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH and others is, in the indiscreet opinion of your frankly excited and impatient correspondents, a Phenomenon of The First Magnitude and [we hope] a Break For Posterity.

Critics have received advance copies, the book-stores have unpacked their stock [with the exception of a few die-hards of the old school, who gave the salesmen the cold and fishy stare], advertising has been timed, samples have been sent to representative readers, the first [and almost unanimously favorable] ballots in the Inner Sanctum referendum have been counted, the mutterings of the skeptics and the outcries of the timid have been extinguished, prayers and hosannahs have been lifted up to the Gods of Gutenberg and Brentano, time-fuses ignited, overtures begun, curtains raised, metaphors mixed: TO-DAY IS THE DAY.

In recapitulation,

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. . . To make books increasingly and so far as possible irresistibly available everywhere.

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. . . That they can be sent back to the publisher for cloth binding at a fee of one dollar.

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. . . That dollar books from THE INNER SANCTUM *do not mean the indiscriminate mass-production of mere "light fiction," for our list is still rigorously limited, with literary quality and unswerving editorial standards still the first consideration. In proof of which*

WE OFFER

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THE October number of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* will usher in its nineteenth year. It will bear a new cover, with a new presentation of its Pegasus, the work of *Eric Gill*, the celebrated artist and engraver. . . .

A very literary litter of Sealyhams recently appeared when "Jinny," a Sealyham, the property of *Stephen Vincent Benét*, author of "John Brown's Body," brought forth her brood at The Acorns, Peacedale, Rhode Island, the home of *Leonard Bacon*, author of "Lost Buffalo" and other volumes of satirical poems. The Benéts are occupying Mr. Bacon's house for the summer. The father of "Jinny's" family is a celebrated Sealyham-about-town known both as "Jacob" and as "Mr. Cholmondely," and the property of *Joseph Brewer*, head of the publishing house of Brewer & Warren. The litter consists of three males and two females. "Mr. Cholmondely" immediately telegraphed his felicitations to his consort and presented each puppy with a colored leash. "Well," he barked when interviewed, "I think there's a good deal to be said for this family life after all. But I wish my wife was back." . . .

"The Monstrous Regiment," the Catholic Book Club's selection for August, is the brilliant history of England during the reign of *Queen Elizabeth*, by *Christopher Hollis*. Its New York publishers are Minton, Balch & Company. . . .

Longmans, Green have just published "Madame Roland," by *Madeleine Clemenceau-Jacquemaire*, who is the daughter of the late *Georges Clemenceau*. . . .

A September book that we can recommend in advance, even though it is by an author of the past that some have never heard of, will be "The Diamond Lens and Other Stories," by *Fitz-James O'Brien*, to be published by William Edwin Rudge of 475 Fifth Avenue, with an introduction by *Gilbert Seldes*, illustrated by *Ferdinand Huszti-Horvath*. It will sell for about five dollars. Fitz-James O'Brien possessed genius in the short story, genius second only to that of Poe. His tales deserve preservation in the finest possible format, which Mr. Rudge is sure to give them. . . .

The honor of a collected edition among the Oxford Poets during the author's lifetime has been accorded hitherto only to *Robert Bridges*. Now *Lascelles Abercrombie* also has been given the accolade by the Oxford University Press. He is a fine critic as well as a distinguished poet. . . .

On the fifteenth of September, Ives Washburn will bring out *Fred D. Pasley's* "Al Capone: The Biography of a Self-made Man." *Alphonse Capone*, the Scarface, is a notable product of our time. He is already almost a legendary figure. He has a bodyguard bigger than that of the President. He "owns" the town of Cicero, outside of Chicago. He winters in Florida. He is a fascinating commentary on modern America. . . .

Last March in England we heard no little comment on the latest work of *William Faulkner*, the young Southerner who will in October present through Cape & Smith his fifth published novel, "As I Lay Dying." . . .

Early in October also the Viking Press will bring out a saga of the great game of poker, text by *Franklin P. Adams* (*F.P.A.*) and caricatures by *William Auerbach-Levy*. Here is a chance to learn all about modern poker adherents from *Charles Chaplin* to *Irving Berlin*. The title of the volume will be "Dealer's Choice." . . .

George Doran's leaving the firm of Doubleday, Doran to become associated with the *William Randolph Hearst* organization in an executive capacity is the most exciting piece of news of the past week or so. *The Nest* wishes Mr. Doran the greatest success whatever his future efforts. In a number of ways he had been the most remarkable of our American publishers, and originally built up for his own firm the highest possible reputation. . . .

We have never had such a response to anything as to that rhymes-on-the-states business. We have been forced to close down on it, but we wish to acknowledge the contributions of *A. I. N. S.*, *Miss D. W. Kirk*, of Montgomery, Alabama, and *Pickett Davisson* of Nebraska. . . .

Sinclair Lewis's "Babbitt," which has been translated into almost every civilized tongue except French, has just appeared in a French version with an introduction by *Paul Morand*. It is said to be the literary event of the Paris season. Lewis, of all living American authors save *Upton Sinclair*, is probably the most widely read in Continental Europe today. . . .

The first story of Chicago's gangs was told in "Diversey" by *Mackinlay Kantor*, published two years ago. Now in "El Goes South" he writes about the city-dwellers who hold the ordinary jobs and ride on elevated trains. His locale is Rogers Park, the far north side of Chicago. We have had the Gold Coast there, the slums, the grain market, the Little Bohemia. But here we have the people whose lives hang on the thread of the elevated, the stricken average. . . .

The Bonibooks at fifty cents come sealed in glazed transparent paper and are nice little nuggets in the hand. Recent titles issued in this edition of paper books are "Chéri" by *Colette*, "Open All Night" by *Morand*, "My Reminiscences as a Cowboy" by *Frank Harris*, "By the Waters of Manhattan" by *Charles Reznikoff*, "What Is Wrong with Marriage" by *Hamilton* and *MacGowan*, "Kept" by *Alec Waugh*, and "The Return of the Hero," by *Darrell Figgis*. . . .

The Junior Literary Guild has announced that its age groups will be rearranged to include younger children than have heretofore been admitted for membership. Beginning with October first, books will be sent to four groups of children instead of three, ranging in age from six years to sixteen years. The present membership is from eight to sixteen years of age. . . .

During the Twenty-second Universal Esperanto Congress, to be held at Oxford, "Charley's Aunt" will be produced in Esperanto! "Talkies" will also be shown in the same language in the local cinemas, and there will be a silent film with Esperanto captions. . . .

Speaking of the talkies, *A. P. Herbert*, the English humorist, has recently been writing the dialogue for a talkie called "Windjammers." Rather an appropriate title for a talkie! . . .

The famous Italian playwright, *Pirandello*, has signed a contract with one of our companies for the production of four talkies from his works. He will come over here to supervise production, for which he will receive over sixty-five thousand dollars. . . .

The original edition of *Carl Sandburg's* "The American Songbag" sold for $7.50 net. Now the Popular Edition, printed from the plates of the original, can be procured from Harcourt, Brace for $3.50. This is about the best big collection of American song that we know of. . . .

We are glad to see another mystery story by *Francis Beeding* listed for this month by Little, Brown,—namely, "The Four Armourers." As a matter of fact, who Francis Beeding really is is also a mystery. But "The House of Dr. Edwardes" was one of the swellest blood-curdling yarns we had read for years. In November the same firm brings out a new *Jefferey Farnol* novel, "Over the Hills." . . .

And now we really are going on our vacation. We are going to hie us to New Hampshire. By Gosh, we won't come back to this city until September, unless we are dragged hither screaming. . . .

And, as usual, just at the last minute we are racking our brain for any additional news to give you before we grab up our satchel and run for the train. We can't think of any except that the Business Manager of this paper left some time ago for a swell trip through California. The Editor, of course, has retired to Cornwall, Connecticut. The Managing Editor, having had an early encounter with the summer on the outskirts of the South, will hold forth for this month. . . .

How to reach
The end of a column.
You'll never do it
By being solemn.
You'll only do it
By being gay—
And beating the game
This way!

THE PHŒNICIAN

The AMEN CORNER

We hope you made note of Mr. Gilbert M. Troxell, The Compleat Collector's, estimate (in the *Saturday Review of Literature* of May 24th) of the publishers whose books we periodically urge you to read. "The Oxford University Press," he said, "has never lent itself to anything either common or undistinguished." Furthermore, we hope that you bear this in mind when you visit your bookshop and stand harrassed by doubt in the sea of books. . . . There has been a lot said recently by reviewers, columnists, and other writers to the effect that publishers should publish "fewer and better books." We suggest that when book readers buy "fewer and better books," publishers will follow the same programme. But we are enlarging an already inflated theme. As book-buyers in this day of diminished increments and overcrowded apartment bookshelves, our problem is one of economy. It is usually with economy and books in our mind that we pay our periodic visit to the Oxford University Press Library at 114 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C., our reasoning being that a book that will give us more pleasure and knowledge at each new reading is, regardless of its cost, a book that even a Scotsman can't complain about.

. . . .

We are always attracted by the *World's Classics*[1] whose titles are always increasing in variety and interest. And the *Oxford Miscellany*[2] is our special delight. This series is, to Ben Ray Redman's mind, a gold mine to the real lover of books. The *Oxford Standard Authors*,[3] including the leading poets, are the cheapest and best edition we know, and in their many leather bindings[4] make a perfect gift book for any purse.

Dress and Ornament in Ancient Peru,[5] by Gösta Montell, is full of information that will open your eyes to the cultural wealth of ancient America. M. D. C. Crawford of the New Freeman says, "in the future, no library of Americana will be complete without this all-too-brief memoir."

A Vision of the Mermaids,[6] by Gerard Manley Hopkins, is the complete facsimile edition of the MS., and is limited to 250 copies. The *Life of Gerard Manley Hopkins*,[7] by Father Lahey, S.J., and the forthcoming *Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins*[8] (in September, we believe) are evidence of the growing interest in this highly imaginative and colorful poet. Oxford has daily inquiries about these books. Perhaps the enthusiasm of T. S. Eliot,[9] Louis Untermeyer, and the late Robert Bridges[10] is bearing fruit. Surely here you will find a splendor of imagery and rich, intricate poetry.

Lotus of the Wonderful Law[11] has just been translated by W. E. Soothill. It is the greatest religious book of the East, holding a place with the Buddhist that the Bhagavadgita does with the Hindu, and the Gospel of St. John with the Christian. It is rich in legend and ancient custom. It is half in prose, half in verse.

The Romance of a Modern Liner,[12] by Captain E. G. Diggle, is the fascinating life story of the great floating palace of the seas —R.M.S. Aquitania. Boys and girls will enjoy this book as well as adults. This ship is a rare jewel in the crown of engineering, and her story is a glorious one.

Quite a different sort of book for seagoers is C. E. T. Lewis's *Handyman's Yacht Book*,[13] a practical guide to small yacht building and "one of the best" according to Lieut. Commander E. S. Martin. It will persuade you that yachting is not a pastime for the rich alone, and that for fear of heavy expenses you are missing a lot of fun.

Those who enjoyed H. G. Wells's "Outline" will welcome Singer's *Short History of Medicine*.[14] Curiously enough the most salutary and constructive field of human endeavor—the science of medicine—has been omitted from all comparative histories of mankind. Singer here gives us an authoritative outline, not of gills and gullets, but of the progress of the medical sciences.

Those who read F. P. A.'s column in "The World" a few months ago, and failed to laugh at "Spanish wine and women are a snare ANDALUSIAN" will do well to peruse *Rock Paintings of Southern Andalusia*.[15]

—THE OXONIAN.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquires in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea S.W.3, London.

E. L. M., Washington, D. C., asks for the name of the latest biography of Alexander Hamilton, and for those of other books about him.

"ALEXANDER HAMILTON," by F. S. Oliver (Putnam), appeared in 1921, and in the same year A. H. Vandenberg's "The Greatest American, Alexander Hamilton" (Putnam). The latest life of him is a juvenile, "Alexander Hamilton," by H. H. Hicks (Macmillan, 1929), and we have Helen Nicolay's "Boy's Life of Alexander Hamilton" (Century), a spirited biography which appeared in 1927. The book that has been more generally read and admired than any regular biography of Hamilton is undoubtedly Claude Bowers's "Jefferson and Hamilton" (Houghton Mifflin), a historical setting-out of what they were and what they stood for in their lifetimes, and of what they stand for in our history. We have also H. C. Lodge's life of Hamilton (Houghton Mifflin), W. S. Culbertson's "Alexander Hamilton" (Yale), "If Hamilton Were Here To-day," by A. H. Vandenberg (Putnam), and the novel, "The Conqueror," by Gertrude Atherton. There is also a play, "Hamilton," by M. P. Hamlin and George Arliss (Baker).

A. R., New York, asks for the best books on photoplay writing, and on playwriting in general.

THE pioneer work on writing for the talkies has been lately published by Appleton. This is "The Art of Sound Pictures," by Pitkin and Marshall, and in its pages everything from first principles to last practice is set down, with many photographs. There is a clear, accurate, and complete account of "Sound Motion-Pictures from the Laboratory to Their Presentation," by Harold B. Franklin (Doubleday, Doran), which will be of interest and value in this connection. The Home Correspondence School, Springfield, Mass., publishes several handbooks of silent photoplay writing in various aspects. There are not a few manuals of playwriting, but from the connection I infer that the one here desired would be A. E. Krows's "Playwriting for Profit" (Longmans, Green), a thoroughgoing work, detailed but not dogmatic, by an experienced writer and producer, which can teach whatever can be taught.

H. E., Pittsfield, Mass., asks for a book on the history of India that gives a fairly comprehensive background for its present affairs.

R. T., Clarkson, Nebraska, planning to teach in a girl's school in India, asks what books she should read before the trip?

"THE ideal librarian," says Dr. Hagberg Wright, secretary and librarian of that republic of letters, the London Library, nestling in the angle of St. James's Square, "should have no politics, no religion and no morals"—at least in his official capacity. Approaching this commission with special non-equipment in politics, I can assure the reader that these do not at all enter into my choice of "The Times Book of India" (to be procured from the publisher, the *Times*, Printing House-square, London, or any importing bookseller, for the sum of seven and six) as the most informing work on the greatest number of subjects concerned with present-day India. Like all the special numbers of the *Times* appearing later between covers, the mystery is that so much can be sold for so little—witness the recent "Modern Printing" number, which for the same modest price covers and illustrates the world's printing field of to-day. "The Book of India" devotes chapters to the history of British administration, the structure of Indian government, and the immensely important land revenue system, the army, navy, marine, and air force, administrative services, peoples, and religions, geography and description (with maps), railways and roads, trade, industry, and sport. Add a shilling if ordered from England, for postage. This is the best preparation for the Simon Report—the only government blue-book, so far as I know, to beat the best sellers on the bookstalls and disappear from these, as the first part did, like water on a hot stove. The two parts may be obtained from His Majesty's Stationery Office and at bookshops.

Naturally the list goes on with "Mahatma Gandhi: His Own Story" (Macmillan), edited by Charles F. Andrews. The importance of this work, not only for understanding of the present situation, but as spiritual autobiography, can scarcely be overrated. Dhan Gopal Mukerji's "Visit India with Me" (Dutton) is a tour of the country in the company of a native author from whom many of us, young and old, have already received enlightenment on Indian life and ideals. Somewhere on this list I would tuck in, especially for the second inquirer, "My Story," by Mrs. Parvati Athavale (Putnam), a Hindu widow writing for Indian readers without an eye to propaganda abroad, the autobiography now translated. She broke her bangles at twenty, shaved her head, and went into the traditional seclusion and poverty, but her family was one that stood for the new ideas, and she emerged to a life of study, teaching, and crusading for better conditions.

L. *L. R., Lewisburgh, Pa.*, tells me that in replying about the *Germanic Review* I did not meet the needs of the correspondent, who wanted to know about the *German Quarterly*. This is quite another publication, issued by the American Association of Teachers of German. The business manager of the *German Quarterly* is H. A. Buschek, 185 Steuben Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and the subscription price is two dollars; the magazine, however, is sent to members of the Association free, the membership fee being $2.50 a year. Several readers who asked about a terrestrial globe may like to know that the same makers, the Hammond Company, Church Street, N. Y., have just been sending out another rather smaller than mine—a nine inch sphere, the whole standing 14½ inches high. *E. S., Los Angeles, Calif.*, asks if I can find a better term for "teen age." In common with almost everyone interested in this time of life, she does not like this way of referring to it. The best description I know was sent me without thought of publication by a boy in Seattle eager to give me some advice on how to bridge "the gap between the non-thinking stage and the thinking one." He called the early teens "the grasping stage." Try this on your own memory and ask yourself if you were not grasping then at everything to see if it would hold, and letting go if it did not. Oh well, let's make this a prize-offer: for the best term to take the place of "the teen age," an inscribed copy of that grand old classic, "Adventures in Reading," will be given (time-limit October 1) and if anyone does not know who wrote that book the brazen references to it in this column have been in vain. *M. O., Okmulgee, Oklahoma*, asks for help in writing a club review of "John Brown's Body." *Creative Reading*, a semi-monthly magazine published at College House, Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass., gave a number several months ago to a long and careful analysis of the book, designed to serve as the basis for club discussion or individual reading or study. Many public libraries have this magazine on file.

C. W., Pebble Beach, California, asks which translation of the "Iliad" would be the best to go with that of the "Odyssey" by Professor Palmer.

THE prose translation of "The Iliad," published by Macmillan, is the combined work of three famous scholars, Andrew Lang, Walter Leaf, and Ernest Myers. When you get the beautiful translation of "The Odyssey, Complete in English Prose," by Professor Palmer (Houghton Mifflin), get the "holiday edition" with pictures by N. C. Wyeth. Here are gods and goddesses in color who manage to look really supernatural even when in the same picture with men and women of like form and feature.

MR. ALFRED HARCOURT has set us right on a mistake we allowed to slip through in our issue of July fifth when we credited Isabel Lord's "Everybody's Cook Book" to Holt. He writes: "We took this over from Holt about three years ago. It has not been out of stock a single day since then, and its sales have been steadily increasing." We agree heartily with Harcourt, Brace in thinking this book a valuable piece of property. It is an asset to housekeeper as well as publisher.

S. M. S., Riverside, Ill., asks if "The Bastable Children" (Coward-McCann) and "The Goldsmith of Florence" (Macmillan) are suitable for a girl thirteen years old.

AS far as thirteen is concerned, especially suitable. For this is an age when the best-loved books are likely to be those considered by other people as either too old or too young for the reader. The "Goldsmith" may thus be thought to belong to the former category, the Bastables to the latter. But a girl of this age is more likely than not to like them both uncommonly well.

J. L. P., Gallipolis, Ohio, asks for books on "that intangible thing called the French idea of universal democracy." "Is there," he says, "any clue to Walt's democracy?"

OPEN that overpowering work, the United States Catalogue of books in print, and see how many titles come under that head. You may have "The Spirit of Democracy," by Lawrence Abbott (Houghton Mifflin), L. H. Bailey's "What Is Democracy?" (Macmillan), and the essay on the subject by James Russell Lowell, reprinted in "Two Essays" (Holt); you may have any number in which its possibilities or its advantages are called to some degree in question. You may have the little book "Ariel," (Sanborn), by J. E. Rodo, the South American poet-philosopher—and you may as well read this anyway, to see if you are of the small and enlightened company who fancy Rodo. E. G. Conklin's "The Direction of Human Evolution (Scribner) has much to do with it, and its manifestations are recorded in "Modern Democracies" by Viscount Bryce (Macmillan) which I continually find useful for finding my way about in foreign politics. The history of the idea may be traced in "Democracy in the Ancient World," by T R. Glover (Macmillan); the Ryerson Press prints a pamphlet on the "Evolution of the Democratic Idea in the Old Testament."

As for France, the progress of the ideal from 1789 to 1871 is set forth in Elton's "The Revolutionary Idea of France" (Longmans, Green), and its earlier outbursts in almost any history of the French Revolution. Of these the one most likely to suit this student's needs is "The Great French Revolution," by Prince Kropotkin, published in two volumes (fifty cents apiece) by the Vanguard Press. "The Irresistible Movement of Democracy," by J. S. Penman (Macmillan), is a study of French government and politics. "Beyond Hatred," by A. L. Guérard (Scribner), has the acumen displayed in all his writings. As to Walt's democracy, you will find it in the writings of Walt; if you can induce the time-machine to give you a glance at the future, perhaps you will find it functioning there—somewhere.

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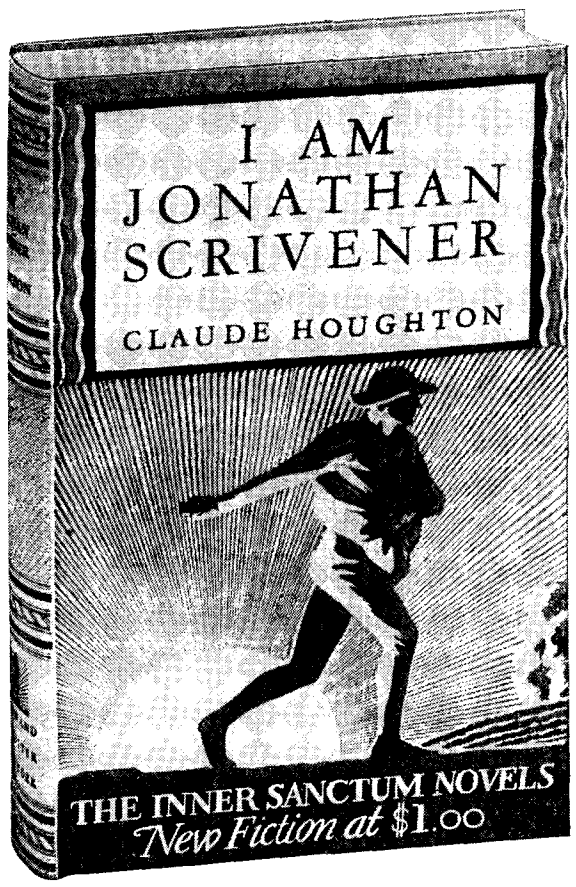
One of the books in *The Inner Sanctum* New Fiction Series. It is a new kind of mystery story, 382 pages long, bound in flexible boards. Millions of people in Europe buy these books in this format. It is designed by the eminent typographer, Mr. W. A. Dwiggins. **Price $1.00**



TIME and again publishers have underestimated public taste. *Main Street* was originally published in a small edition. *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* was priced high because the possible total audience was estimated as under 10,000. Our own first edition of *The Story of Philosophy* was only 1,500.

We have now determined not to underestimate so-called popular taste, and are deliberately publishing *all* of our novels this summer and autumn at $1.00 in *The Inner Sanctum* Fiction Series. It is the purpose of this announcement to state why this decision was reached and to tell something about these new books we are bringing out.

A novel at the point of being published is an x-quantity. Perhaps the buyer has heard about it from a friend, perhaps he has seen a review or an advertisement. Or perhaps all three factors and others are involved in the decision to *take a chance* on the novel. But there is sales resistance: (a) the price is high—so why not wait until the book may be borrowed or until a time when it is absolutely certain one wants to read *and own* that book; (b) perhaps the book, enjoyable though it may be to read, does not warrant a place in one's library—simply because, in these days of small apartments, space is limited. One hates to throw away a bound book.

An Entirely New Publishing Procedure

To meet these two factors, we decided to make this experiment of publishing new fiction at $1.00, bound in flexible boards. The price is much lower and if after reading it, there is no room for it in your library it may be given to a hospital or, like a magazine, be thrown away. Or, it may be kept. Or, for an additional dollar, bound permanently and beautifully.

Bearing all this in mind, however, one factor was more important than ever before: *The books must be good ones*. It matters little whether they be high-brow, low-brow, mystery stories or humorous novels; *in their own field they must be good*. They must not be published as so much merchandise at One Dollar. Rather they must be published only if in our opinion they would have been successfully published at the old price of $2.00 or $2.50.

It is through the quality of the novels themselves, that we appeal to readers. We appeal to them not simply because these new books cost a dollar, for we know that mere "dollar books" might be bought with possibly unfortunate boomerang results. Rather, we say to you: *Here are eight books, the best ones we have been able to find and publish. Other better books or as good are doubtless being published now, but we think you will enjoy these, each for a reason of its own.*

Richard L. Simon
M. Lincoln Schuster

The Books Themselves:

I Am Jonathan Scrivener
by Claude Houghton

This new kind of mystery story by a writer who has attracted much attention in England, tells of an ingrown intellectual who accepts a position as secretary to a man he has never seen. Into his life come the friends of this remarkable figure—all alike tortured by the mystery of his powerful influence over them. Each sees him as a different person. The last few chapters, written in the present tense, reveal the surprising climax. *The London Times* says: "I defy anybody to put down the book until the last page be reached."
Price $1.00 *Published July 31*

Red Snow
by F. Wright Moxley

On the morning of August 17, 1935, the sun's brilliance is dimmed by a reddish cloud. A flaky red substance seeks human flesh, and after ninety seconds disappears. *Nine months later it is discovered that human fertility has ceased!* . . . One editorial reader's report says of this amazing novel: "*Red Snow* is in a class by itself. As bitter as Jeremiah, as intolerant as Torquemada. But the author has a gorgeous imagination, all the emotional power of scorching indignation and a feeling for the world he lives in which is hard to match."
Price $1.00 *Published August 4*

Casañova's Homecoming
by Arthur Schnitzler

This is the only novel in *The Inner Sanctum* Series to have been previously published. In 1923 it was out of print. Since many people consider *Casanova's Homecoming* Schnitzler's masterpiece, we have taken this opportunity to republish it at $1.00. The portrait he draws is that of the last disillusioning intrigue in which the great eighteenth century amorist attempts to recapture his vanished youth. The translation is by Eden and Cedar Paul.
Price $1.00 *Published July 31*

Denny and the Dumb Cluck
by J. P. McEvoy

This new book marks the return of "dat ole debbil McEvoy" to his first love—"assorted sediments with eps to match." Himself the one-time premier motto-writer of the Middle West, the author of 'Show Girl' offers in this new extravaganza the lowdown on the maddest industry in the world—the greeting card business, also known as the Heart Throb Racket. With his customary gusto, Mr. McEvoy introduces his readers to a brand new set of characters, including our old friend Denny Kerrigan's Dumb Cluck, Doris Miller, the Heart Throb Girl. *Published August 2*
Price $1.00

Fifteen Rabbits
by Felix Salten

In *Fifteen Rabbits*, the author of 'Bambi' and 'The Hound of Florence' seeks out the humbler denizens of forest and meadow, and again writes a story with that moving charm which seems to be his own special gift. A simple quotation, used as a foreword, perhaps explains Salten's secret: "If you would keep men from becoming animals, strive ever to see animals as men."

The same human understanding and fine quality of writing that charmed the readers of 'Bambi' are here again in *Fifteen Rabbits*, which tells the story of Hops and Plana, whose foreheads are weighted with the century-old sorrow of the perpetually hunted.
Price $1.00 *Published August 2*

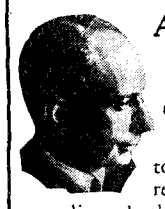
The Earth Told Me
by Thames Williamson

"The simplest stories are the hardest to tell well, and the best when they are well told." This is what Dr. Henry Seidel Canby said of Thames Williamson's previous book ('Hunky', a Book-of-the-Month Club selection). The words are even truer of *The Earth Told Me*. Within these direct, lyric pages is set down a drama of Alaskan love and vengeance; out of them sounds that profound, natural music to be found in writers like Hamsun and Whitman.
Price $1.00 *Published August 4*

Beloved ("O Mon Goye")
by Sarah Levy

This witty autobiographical novel deals with the physical and spiritual adventures of a French Jewess who takes a young Christian for her lover. *Beloved* ("*O Mon Goye*") by Sarah Levy has been the sensation of the smart reading worlds of Paris, Berlin and Vienna for the present year. The translation is by William A. Drake. *Price $1.00* *Published September 25*

A Night in Kurdistan
by Jean-Richard Bloch



A Night in Kurdistan cannot fail to surprise greatly the American readers who know this French novelist only through the realism of '—& Co.' published last spring. The story recounts the tragic drama of Saad, a young Kurdish bandit, inclined to the arrogant nomadism of his Mohammedan fellows, yet torn by the inherited Christian strain of his convert mother. Spying on a Nestorian village, he falls in love with a young Christian—and this is the spring which releases the passionate and tragic climax. Bloch's feeling for the pastoral spirit behind his bandit romance lifts it above mere shocking sensationalism. *Published October 23*
Price $1.00

Which Of Them Will You Read?

All of *The Inner Sanctum Novels* are on sale at bookstores, and we recommend that you make your selection there. If, however, that is inconvenient you may fill out the coupon below and mail it to your bookseller, or to us.

To the INNER SANCTUM *of*
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- ☐ *A Night in Kurdistan*

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